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GERMANY, FRANCE, AND EUROPE.

IF the French feel any annoyance at the German celebration of the anniversary of Sedan, the journalists who may be supposed to represent public opinion have with good sense and dignity abstained from expressing their resentment. It was not indeed to be expected that M. VICTOR HUGO should be content to suppress his hysterical patriotism. The greatest of living French writers is always careful to remind his countrymen that genius is compatible with the silliest affectation. Having perhaps exhausted the capabilities of simpler language, M. HUGO has apparently persuaded himself that superlatives are intrinsically sublime. A precisely similar combination of emphasis with weakness is furnished by habitual use of the profane expletives which have gradually been eliminated from ordinary conversation. The POPE himself, though he has the excuse of reproducing the traditional forms of ecclesiastical commination, may be considered to practise a decent reserve when he denounces his supposed gaolers, in comparison with M. HUGO in his invectives against Germany. When the enemy was advancing after the victory of Sedan, M. HUGO announced that Paris remained tranquil and serene, and that a volcano required no assistance or exhortation. Now that there is no immediate cause of quarrel, and while on his own admission France is still unprepared to renew the struggle, M. HUGO informs a so-called Congress professedly bent on the establishment of perpetual peace that a war of revenge is the indispensable preliminary of the philanthropic millennium. It would scarcely be worth while to notice the wilful extravagance which degrades a great reputation, except for the purpose of contrasting M. HUGO's nonsense with the prudence of responsible Frenchmen. In this instance his absurd incentives to war are probably due to personal eccentricity; but his language in some degree explains the dread and dislike with which the orderly and respectable classes regard the Republican masses. It is impossible to ascertain whether M. HUGO addresses disciples who might on occasion translate his half-crazy rhapsodies, as in the days of the Commune, into action. The superiority of Germany over France consists, not more in military organization than in the disciplined loyalty which places the whole force of the nation at the disposal of a trusted Government. No German of position and fame would condescend to the utterance of impotent fury because his country might have incurred a disaster in war. The exhibition of democratic violence by M. HUGO will cause no uneasiness to the German Government.

If the Germans had simply celebrated the great triumph of Sedan on the anniversary of the battle, it would not become Englishmen to criticize their conduct. As long as the Duke of WELLINGTON lived, for a period of nearly forty years, the annual commemoration of Waterloo was popular in England. The close of the great war which had lasted almost without intermission from 1793 to 1815 was in itself a sufficient reason for rejoicing. The accomplishment of German unity, although it dates from Sedan, ought not to offend French susceptibility, excepting as far as it involves the recovery of Alsace and part of Lorraine. It is impossible to distinguish the complacency produced by unprecedented military success from patriotic gratification in the attainment of a great national object; but it may be confidently said that in their recent rejoicing the Germans had no desire to express hostility to France. Bishop KETTLER of Mainz did his countrymen an involuntary service by directing their attention to the political conse-

quences of Sedan rather than to the glorious achievements of the army. With an infatuation characteristic of the modern Romish hierarchy he took the opportunity of the proposed festivities to justify as far as possible the policy of Prince BISMARCK's Government, by the declaration that orthodox Catholics had no share in the national satisfaction. It was enough for his purpose that the Liberals were devoted to the cause of German unity. If the hated party of freedom was in the right, it only remained for the Catholics to prefer the wrong. Only an ecclesiastical bigot is capable of the imprudence of associating the success of his cause with national humiliation. The challenge offered by the Bishop in the name of his Church was accepted in all parts of Germany, nor were the Catholic laity backward in proclaiming their devotion to their regenerated country. The fanatic who lately attempted to murder Prince BISMARCK was scarcely a more dangerous adherent of his party than the intolerant Bishop of MAINZ. The admirers of the Papal system have often applauded the adroitness of the Roman Catholic Church in adopting with impartial sagacity any political theory which seems likely to serve its turn. In the present day the POPE and his agents allow temper to interfere too constantly with diplomacy.

The German Government will perhaps derive encouragement from the demonstrated weakness of its chief domestic adversaries; yet it would be a grave misfortune if European politics were subjected to the influence of religious disputes. Of the two French factions which precipitated the war of 1870, it is difficult to say whether the prelates who intrigued at Court on behalf of Rome, or the rabble to which M. VICTOR HUGO appeals, were more deeply culpable. At present the demagogues are comparatively reticent, while the Government is constantly embarrassed by the violence of episcopal sermons and pastorals. Bishop KETTLER might have been contented with the ostentatious animosity to Germany of his co-religionists on the other side of the frontier. The same faction has succeeded in depriving France of all prospect of an Italian alliance. Nevertheless it would be in the highest degree imprudent to alienate the German Roman Catholics from the national interest. The Empire, as long as it is not troubled with internal dissensions, may reasonably hope to retain the ascendancy which it has acquired in Europe. Notwithstanding some indications of a disposition to adopt a meddling policy, it is incredible that the ablest of contemporary statesmen should provoke unnecessary quarrels. It is not the winner who is usually anxious to play the game over again. Russia and Austria are at the same time strong and pacific, and both have a friendly understanding with Germany, and probably with one another. The Emperor of AUSTRIA has on his visit to Prague been, for the first time in several years, cordially welcomed by the Bohemian population as well as by the Germans. The change is probably due to the intermission of Russian intrigues with the Slavonic subjects of the Austrian Empire. Hungary is equally loyal, though Kossuth, with the doggedness of an incurable demagogue, continues to address to the unwilling ears of his former adherents appeals in favour of the national independence which has been revived in another form without his assistance. Russia has for the present sufficient occupation in Asia, and the Imperial Government has for the time definitively adopted towards Turkey a policy of patronizing and friendly expectancy.

In spite of bishops and poetic incendiaries the French Government pursues a prudent course of foreign policy. Marshal MACMAHON and the Duke DECAZES might perhaps

have acquired a temporary popularity by refusing to follow the lead of foreign Powers, and especially of Germany. The dignity as well as the interest of France was better consulted by the despatch of a representative to the Conference assembled by Russian influence at Brussels, and by joining in the recognition of the Government of Madrid. Domestic uncertainties have not been allowed to interfere with the reorganization of the army, and, although the Government is not exempt from financial difficulties, the credit of France has not been impaired. M. HUGO indeed boasts that there was something beyond credit in the alleged offer of eighteen hundred millions sterling when the Government proposed to borrow two hundred millions. Prosaic financiers would prefer the confidence of selfish capitalists to the enthusiasm which, according to the Jacobin faith, attaches mankind to France and to Paris. The same world which is said to have offered the enormous loan cannot, according to M. HUGO, accept the diminution of France. He further asserts that, by some mysterious operation, "the five milliards once paid, Berlin was no richer and Paris no poorer." If the transfer of vast sum leaves both parties to the transaction as they were, the extortion of ransom supplies no ground for resentment or revenge. The explanation of the paradox, which is as unintelligible as the riddle itself, consists in the proposition that "Paris is necessary to mankind and Berlin is not." Rational Frenchmen prefer any form of government to the supremacy of a faction which may perhaps count a vapouring poet among its leaders. It is true that those Republicans who possess a political instinct are for the present not eager to renew an unequal struggle with Germany. During the PRESIDENT's recent tour a part of the population expressed a desire for the establishment of the Republic; but the bishops were the only advocates for war, and their denunciations were directed rather against Italy than against Germany. One of the many elements of the national aversion to a Legitimist Restoration is the suspicion that the Count of CHAMBORED would be compelled to adopt for his own sake a warlike policy.

LORD RIPON.

THE profound ignorance of English character which distinguishes the proselytising section of the Roman Catholics is illustrated by their triumphant welcome of conspicuous converts. It would be improper to discuss the reasons or motives which may have induced Lord RIPON to join the Roman Catholic Church; and it may readily be admitted that he is the most eminent in position of all laymen who have seceded in recent times. He is the son of a Prime Minister; and two earldoms acquired in the course of a century by different branches of his family have become united in his own person. The popular sympathies of his youth were rewarded by a seat for a great constituency and by the consequent attainment of high office at an early age. Having acquired credit as Under-Secretary for War at the time when the Volunteers were first organized, Lord DE GREY was chosen by Lord PALMERSTON as Secretary of State for the same department, at a time when some members of the Government strongly urged the superior claims of Lord CLARENDON to a place in the Cabinet. As President of the Council in Mr. GLADSTONE's Administration Lord DE GREY cordially supported the policy of Mr. FORSTER, who, as the representative of the office in the House of Commons, was necessarily charged with the conduct of the Education Bill. The discredit of negotiating the Washington Treaty attaches rather to the Cabinet which exercised incessant control over the plenipotentiaries, than to Lord DE GREY and his colleagues in the mission; but he must share with Mr. GLADSTONE the reproach of want of taste in the offer and acceptance of a step in the peerage to commemorate the submission of his country to an overbearing adversary. His new associates will perhaps fail to draw the true inference from the recapitulation of the principal events of Lord RIPON's biography. It is remarkable that it should be generally and justly assumed that with his conversion to another creed his political career is closed. Lord RIPON will retain his social rank as a nobleman of unblemished character and large fortune; nor would the most inveterate Protestant bigot attribute to him any dishonourable motive for proclaiming his new convictions at a heavy sacrifice on his own part. The surrender of all the objects of his former ambition may be in a certain sense repre-

sented as meritorious; but the fact that it is inevitable and final deserves some consideration. Orthodox Roman Catholics of course hold that their doctrine is true; but, if they are intelligent and candid, they must confess that it is rejected by the English nation with an invincible prejudice of repulsion.

The more dispassionate section of society rather understands than shares the feeling of the majority; but in all classes distrust of Roman Catholic policy has greatly increased of late years. Lord MELBOURNE said, with humorous exaggeration, that all the fools had been opposed to Catholic Emancipation, and all the wise men had supported it, and it turned out that the fools were right; yet at that time more than one Roman Catholic member represented an English constituency; Mr. SHELL, a nominal Roman Catholic, held office without provoking popular clamour, and Mr. O'CONNELL himself was courted by English Liberals. The absurd episode of the Papal Aggression and of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill disturbed the truce which had been practically established. Neither party has reason to recall willingly the encounter of folly with folly; but Cardinal WISEMAN was responsible for beginning the mischief. Nearly twenty years elapsed before a Roman Catholic again occupied an independent English seat, and it happened that Sir JOHN SIMEON was one of the few converts who resolutely resisted the political dictation of the hierarchy. Mr. MONSELL held office of secondary rank in Mr. GLADSTONE's Government; and it was supposed that he was a principal promoter of the unlucky Irish Universities Bill. His name had previously been little known in England; and his conversion had occurred while he occupied a private situation. It is difficult to distinguish between the sectarian element of the popular feeling and its more reasonable grounds. The presence of several Jewish members in the House of Commons shows that theological difference of opinion is not regarded by constituents as a political disqualification. For several years the election for the City of a Jewish member, who was at that time unable to take his seat, was considered by the Liberal party both a protest in favour of sound principles and a periodical triumph. There are at present Jews in Parliament whose abilities would qualify them for high office, and it may be confidently asserted that their elevation would be regarded with indifference or approval. If the Romish Church had maintained the unobtrusive attitude of fifty years ago, the political suspicion which attends it would not have existed in England. The Jews, though they happen to be aliens in blood, are acknowledged as Englishmen, because they have no corporate interests or wishes antagonistic or anterior to the welfare of the country. Romanist converts, on the other hand, ostentatiously proclaim that they are Catholics first and Englishmen afterwards, nor have they any right to complain if they are taken at their word. A railway shareholder who thwarts the measures of his Company because he holds a larger stake in a rival undertaking is not likely to command the confidence of his partners. Even if every article of the modern Romish Creed were indisputably true, a patriotic statesman ought still to regard the national interests as paramount to the policy of the Church.

Lord RIPON himself has furnished a casual illustration of the officious interference of the Romish Church with secular freedom of action. His unexplained resignation of the highest office in the Society of Freemasons was the first public announcement of his intended change of religious profession. The condemnation of the Freemasons by the POPE is at the same time capricious and easily explicable. It Italy and in some other Continental countries the organization of the Society has sometimes been employed for their own purposes by political conspirators and religious malcontents. The Roman Court was perhaps imperfectly acquainted with the relations between Freemasonry and heretical disaffection; and the POPE, like HEROD, thought that a massacre of the innocents was the most certain method of reaching his immediate victim. Accordingly, not only the Freemasons, but all secret societies, are included under one comprehensive curse, although Freemasons, Foresters, and Odd Fellows are, in England at least, wholly guiltless of hostility to any State or to any Church. Cardinal CULLEN, when he has from time to time occasion to denounce the Fenians, always extends his anathemas to Freemasons, partly for the sake of insulting that innocuous body, and partly to intimate that the Fenians err rather in disobeying the POPE than in plotting against the Crown. Those who know nothing of the

symbols of Freemasonry are entitled to assume that its little mummeries and its practical objects are harmless or laudable, because many persons of rank and character, including the PRINCE OF WALES, have presided over its mysteries; and especially because ten days ago Lord RIPON was Grand-Master of the Order. By renouncing the dignity as a condition of his admission to the Romish communion, Lord RIPON submits to the commands of the Holy See in a matter which, as he himself positively knows, concerns neither faith nor morals. In other words, he admits the authority of the Church to define its own limits, and to include at pleasure any part of the temporal province within its spiritual dominion. Freemasonry is a trifle; but the power of converting a harmless trifle into a mortal sin involves the assumption of an unqualified supremacy over human actions.

If men were consistent, and if systems were uniformly logical, there might be a difficulty in questioning Lord MELBOURNE'S conclusion that the fools who opposed Catholic Emancipation were in the right. In practice, born Roman Catholics are found to be loyal, and even converts are from time to time unavoidably left to themselves by their spiritual guides. It is only in the romances of EUGÈNE SUE or of zealous Protestant writers that the Jesuits are ubiquitous and omniscient. The principal managers of the Roman Catholic organization are in the habit of plotting with transparent simplicity, as when they make devout noblemen ridiculous by sending them to lead obsolete pilgrimages. The blandishments which they lavish on wealthy and high-born proselytes have unfortunately proved in several instances successful; but if the priests had won over the whole peerage of the United Kingdom, they would incur the disappointment of the proverbial purchaser of PUNCH. The converted body would have forfeited the political power which the short-sighted Church had coveted for itself. On the middle classes propagandism has never established a hold, although a dozen town councillors would be a greater acquisition than *Lothair*. But for the Irish immigration the number of Roman Catholics in England would be so utterly insignificant that the community would be little more than an aristocratic club. The political importance of the Roman Catholic Church in the United Kingdom consists wholly in its command of a large part of the population of Ireland; and the democratic agitation in which the Irish priests have long been engaged repels the sympathy of the English Roman Catholics, with the exception of a few enthusiastic converts. The priests are politically opposed to the gentry of their own connexion, and they probably feel little confidence in ardent proselytes of the type of Sir G. BOWYER and Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, who are willing in their zeal for Rome to sanction the dismemberment of the Empire. An accurate calculation of gain and loss would perhaps show that the Roman Catholic Church has made but an unprofitable acquisition. It has inflicted a certain degree of annoyance on its adversaries, and it has secured for its own objects the control of a large fortune. On the other hand, it has advertised its own incurable unpopularity by reminding the unobservant world of the unwritten political disabilities which have survived Catholic Emancipation.

FRENCH PARTIES.

THE election for the department of the Maine and Loire which will be held to-morrow has brought out plainly the four parties into which political Frenchmen are divided. The Republicans, the Orleanists, and the Bonapartists have each a candidate; the Legitimists have determined not to run a candidate of their own, but they have pointedly refused to have anything to do with the Orleanist candidate. Whether their votes will be largely given to the Bonapartist candidate is uncertain, but not even the prospect of an Imperialist or a Republican victory can induce them to support M. BRUAS. The breach between the two sections of the Royalist party seems to grow wider every day. If it is hard to forgive a man who has tricked you, it is harder still to forgive a man who has been accessory to your tricking yourself; and this is the light in which the Legitimists regard the Orleanists. They hold that all the good which was effected by the Fusion has been undone by the Septennate. Yet the Septennate could never have been set up if it had not been for the co-operation of the Legitimists. It was the special creation of that Conservative majority of which the Extreme Right

formed an integral part. They asked Marshal MACMAHON to mount on their backs, and they are now discomfited to find that he has no intention of getting off again until his seven years' ride is done. If the Orleanists had established the Septennate without Legitimist aid, the crime might have been condoned from considerations of convenience; it is the sense that this aid has been given that makes their resentment so bitter and so persistent. By the vote of the 19th of November 1873, French Conservatism became associated with a form of government which was not immediately or directly monarchical. Those who devised the Septennate hoped, no doubt, that it would lead to a Restoration in the person of some less impracticable sovereign than HENRY V. But they confessed by their vote that the prospects of a Restoration were distant and indefinite, and that in this state of things it was incumbent on them to secure the essentials of regular government, even at the cost of surrendering for the time the form which they loved best. In this the Orleanists were perfectly consistent. The result has proved that they were over-sanguine in thinking that the essentials of regular government could be secured by so provisional an expedient as the Septennate; but in postponing their endeavours after a Restoration to a more convenient season they sacrificed no principle. Royalty with them is a very precious form, a form which many of them hold to be inseparable from the substance of good government in France, but in theory it is only a form. With the Legitimists, on the contrary, royalty is part of the substance of good government, since without royalty there can, at all events in countries which have once enjoyed it, be no legitimate government at all. The strange thing is that men possessed of this conviction should ever have brought themselves to vote for the Septennate. They now declare that they did so in the belief that their vote pledged them to nothing more than the acceptance of Marshal MACMAHON for just so long as might suit their own purposes. It is difficult, however, to accept this as a true version of the facts, inasmuch as the discussion turned in part upon the period for which Marshal MACMAHON'S powers should be extended. It is conceivable that seven years should have been inserted as a mere formality, but for this purpose ten years would have done equally well. When the Government assented to seven years by way of concession to those who opposed the ten years' limitation, they showed unmistakably that both figures were meant to stand for substantive periods.

The omission to start a candidate of their own in the Maine and Loire must be taken as an indication of conscious weakness on the part of the Legitimists. The explanation is one with which Englishmen are familiar. The Legitimists are reserving themselves for the general election. But their future chance of success in a general election is not likely to be more than the sum of their present chances of success in particular elections. If they cannot return a candidate in the Maine and Loire this year, what reason is there to suppose that they will be any better able to return one next year? Their leaders do not pretend that their cause is growing in popularity; on the contrary, they have often stimulated the activity of their followers by the argument that, if a Restoration cannot be effected by the agency of the present Assembly, it will not be effected by the agency of the next Assembly. Now the Legitimists in this particular constituency have suddenly discovered that it is on the next Assembly that their hopes are really built. There is no longer, they say, any probability that the Conservative majority will be brought to admit the fault of which it was guilty last November, and so long as it refuses to admit it the Extreme Right must continue to stand apart from Parliamentary combinations. There is no doubt that, if this threat is carried out, a dissolution must speedily follow. If the Extreme Right are really weary of the Assembly, it rests with them to send it about its business. M. JULES SIMON has pointed this out in a speech which he has just made at Rheims. The Assembly, he says, cannot be dissolved except by its own act. "A revolt against a Chamber elected by universal suffrage would be a crime." Englishmen will not be disposed to hold that a revolt against a Chamber elected by universal suffrage is worse than a revolt against any other established Government; but the recognition of legality as a ground for respect has not been so common among French Republicans as to dispose us to quarrel with even an exaggerated display of it. Now, though the Left has immensely increased in strength, and can now number 310 votes, it is not strong enough by itself to effect a dissolution by the act of

the Assembly. To do this it needs twenty additional votes, and this is more than the partial elections can possibly give it. There is no hope of detaching any votes from the Right, for, though the Right is divided on many points, it is united in its hatred of the Republic. The natural inference from this analysis would seem to be that the Right will be united in resisting that dissolution to which the Left looks for the triumph of the Republic. But M. JULES SIMON draws a different conclusion. He thinks that the Extreme Right will join the Left in voting for a dissolution. This would have seemed a most improbable event had it not been for the line taken by the Legitimists in the Maine and Loire. But if the leaders of the Extreme Right decline to start candidates on the plea that it is no use to take any trouble about the existing Assembly, and that they are saving themselves for the general election, they cannot in decency refuse to hasten that general election when they have the opportunity. The fear is, however, that this language may not be the expression of any genuine change of opinion on the subject of dissolution, but merely a hastily devised excuse for local inability or unwillingness to stand the expense of a contested election. In that case M. JULES SIMON may find that he has counted his chickens prematurely.

The Government has been compelled to give fresh offence to the Extreme Right by suspending the *Univers* for an article attacking Marshal SERRANO. We say compelled, because so long as the state of siege is maintained in Paris it is idle to expect that foreign Governments will not take advantage of it for their own purposes. It is of great importance to Marshal SERRANO that the French Government should not be supposed to wish the Carlists well. If the authorities on the frontier were perfectly clear upon this point, they would take a more decided line as regards breaches of neutrality than they have yet seen their way to. French officials are very apt to read between the lines of their instructions, and to interpret them by the spirit in which they fancy that they were written. It will be difficult to attribute any latent sympathy with the Carlists to a Government which suspends Conservative newspapers for pleading the cause of the Pretender. If the Governor of Paris had possessed no exceptional powers over the press, Spain could not have called upon the French Cabinet to do on behalf of another Government what it had not the means of doing on its own behalf. But so long as Paris newspapers continue to live at the mercy of the General commanding the Twentieth Military Division, Marshal MACMAHON'S Ministers must put up with having to punish them under pressure from foreign Powers. If they wish to avoid the unpopularity which such acts provoke, they must be content to surrender the imaginary advantage of being able to suppress discussion on their own measures.

SPAIN.

THE late change of Ministry at Madrid is attributed to the influence of Marshal ZABALA; but the objects which may have been contemplated or attained in the substitution of one set of obscure names for another have not been explained. It is a plausible conjecture that the retiring Ministers were less wholly under the control of SAGASTA than their successors will be. Marshal SERRANO has probably sufficient occupation in the superintendence of military affairs; and he may be glad to entrust the management of political details to the experienced chief of his Cabinet. The same industry and capacity for political intrigue which raised SAGASTA to Parliamentary eminence are apparently found useful under the veiled absolutism of a provisional dictatorship. If it should hereafter be thought expedient to give the Government a constitutional colour by the convocation of a Cortes, SAGASTA understands as well as any competitor the theory and practice of Spanish elections; and he will perhaps have learned to avoid the error which he committed during his former tenure of office, of returning through his agents a too unanimous Parliament. His ancient colleague and rival ZORRILLA seems to be inclined to abandon, in imitation of SAGASTA, the retreat to which he has carefully confined himself since the proclamation of the Republic. His announcement to his political friends that he is not yet prepared to return to public life may be regarded as a notice that his services will be available to the Government of the day if the present Ministers should incur discredit or disaster. It is one of the felici-

ties of Spanish politicians that none of them even in disgrace or exile need despair of an early return to power. Two years ago SAGASTA'S party was broken up, while ZORRILLA directed the Government with the support of an overwhelming majority in the Cortes. CASTELAR was the eloquent leader of an Opposition weak in numbers. SERRANO was on the eve of attaining an easy triumph over the Carlists, who were beginning to rise in the Northern provinces. A few months afterwards SERRANO escaped with difficulty and in disguise from Madrid, ZORRILLA and SAGASTA disappeared into safe obscurity, and CASTELAR, after an interval of anarchical agitation, became for a time dictator of Spain. It is now again the turn of SERRANO and SAGASTA, and probably the wheel of fortune will complete its round. The only change for the better consists in the tranquillity which has followed the exposure of the incapacity of the Republican faction.

It is not yet known whether Marshal ZABALA is to resume the command of the army in the field or to make room for MORIONES and LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ. No Spanish general has succeeded to the reputation of CONCHA, which was as valuable to the country as his military skill. Little has been lately heard of General PAVIA, who has acquired a merited reputation both by his restoration of order in the South and by his seasonable expulsion of the Republican Cortes. It is perhaps not the fault of the generals that the army is still too weak in numbers to take the offensive on a considerable scale. LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ has succeeded in relieving Paycerda; but the Madrid Government has since the death of CONCHA failed to recover any part of the territory which had been occupied by the enemy. From time to time reports are circulated that the Chief of the Executive Government intends to take the command in person; but it may be doubted whether Marshal SERRANO would prove a more efficient general than his lieutenants, and he has everything to lose by failure. He has been present in the field only once during the campaigns of the present year, when a sufficient force had been accumulated to ensure the relief of Bilbao. Even on that occasion Marshal CONCHA was charged with the conduct of the most important operations, and SERRANO was content with the second honours of the success which was achieved. It is possible that he may again take the opportunity of refreshing his military reputation, when he has completed the reinforcement of the army, and when he is prepared to drive the Carlists from their positions round Estella. He may perhaps trust SAGASTA to administer affairs in his absence, especially as no rival could claim the title which he derives from the courtesy of foreign Governments. The Ministers of the different Powers are accredited, not to the Spanish Republic, but personally to Marshal SERRANO as the actual head of an undefined Government. In the event of SERRANO'S death, or expulsion from office, the whole question of recognition might be reopened, although it is probable that any successor who was thought capable of maintaining order would be acknowledged with little difficulty. Undisputed authority and probable permanence are the chief conditions which entitle a Government to represent a nation. A Republic of the type approved by CASTELAR would find little favour with the European Powers. It is at least probable that the main cause which has induced the Russian Government to withhold its recognition is unconnected with the circumstances of Spain, which lies, according to a St. Petersburg paper, as much outside the sphere of Russian policy as Japan. It has been thought expedient to show that the cordial friendship between the two great Empires of the North implies no subservience of Russia to Germany. The Brussels Conference and the delay in the recognition of the Spanish Government are intelligible, though unnecessary, assertions of independence.

The policy of Germany towards Spain, and the motives of the Carlists for attempting to provoke a quarrel with Germany, are equally mysterious. The French Legitimist papers had almost a plausible pretext for suggesting that the Germans themselves must have contrived the attack of the Carlist batteries on the German gunboats. If it is true that a train conveying the German and Austrian Ministers has also been threatened by Carlist bands, it would seem that, in despite of their own obvious interests, the insurgents are really bent on provoking a foreign adversary to assist their native opponents. Don CARLOS and his advisers are scarcely capable of relying on the far-fetched calculation that German hostility might procure them the active assistance of France; but there is no doubt that a French alliance would far more

than compensate for the intervention of a German contingent in the civil war. It is difficult to estimate the effect on Spanish public opinion of the employment of a foreign auxiliary force. It is true that no nation is more jealous of alien influence, but the allies of Spain have had cause to complain rather of subsequent ingratitude than of the immediate rejection of their aid. The English army was allowed to fight the battles of Spain in five or six successive campaigns, though the services which were rendered to the national independence have long since been forgotten. The auxiliary Legion under Sir DE LACY EVANS was welcomed by the adherents of the QUEEN in the former Carlist war, and a German division might decide the present contest without the risk of permanently disturbing the vanity of the nation or of the army. German officers, though they have been trained in the strictest traditions of regular warfare, are as well qualified to deal with insurgent mountaineers as with the popular levies of France. If Germany, and Germany alone, should interfere in the civil war, its result would not be doubtful. The cost of such an expedition would be insignificant to a Power which at all times keeps on foot an army numbering hundreds of thousands of men; yet Prince BISMARCK would forfeit much of his well-earned reputation for sagacity if he unnecessarily embarked in an enterprise involving many unforeseen issues.

The main objection to foreign interference in a domestic contest is that it might not improbably be the commencement of a more formidable war. The French already regard with natural irritation and jealousy the appointment to the German Consulate at Bayonne of an active and confidential agent of Prince BISMARCK. The inquiries which the Consul has instituted into the strict observance by French functionaries of the duties of neutrality are offensive to national feeling in proportion to the importance and accuracy of their results. If the Carlists have been unduly favoured by French functionaries, the right of complaint belongs to the Spanish and not to the German Government. The majority of Englishmen tolerated with some difficulty the vituperation of the Northern Americans during the Civil War on account of alleged sympathy with the South. If a third Power had undertaken to remonstrate against supposed infringements of neutrality, its remonstrances would not have been so patiently received. Spanish civil wars have rarely been for any long time unconnected with European politics. The Quadruple Alliance of England, France, Spain, and Portugal forty years ago was understood as a protest against the system of the Holy Alliance which was still maintained by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. Although the French Government is with good reason anxious to avoid any occasion of war, it might be difficult to acquiesce without some counter-demonstration in the despatch of a German expedition to Spain. There is no field of action in which France could encounter Germany with so many advantages; and it must be remembered that, notwithstanding the popularity of the German navy, France is still, as during the last war, more than a match at sea for her recent adversary. The considerations which appear conclusive to external observers can scarcely have failed to occur to Prince BISMARCK.

THE BRENTFORD GUARDIANS.

THE continuance or non-continuance of pauperism is more than anything else a question of the degree of intelligence which the ratepayers of each Union bring to the treatment of the paupers whom they have to support. They are under a constant and natural temptation to sacrifice future to present gain; to spend less money on the relief of the poor to-day, regardless of the certainty that they will thereby have to spend more money on the relief of the poor to-morrow. The Brentford Guardians have lately been remarkable for their persistence in this injudicious economy. They have pinned their faith to the proverb "A penny saved is a penny got," forgetting that even among proverbs the other side of the question has its representative, and that it is at least equally true that a stitch in time saves nine. This holds good even of adult paupers. It is not the most costly and the best managed workhouse that attracts most inmates; the cheap and badly arranged makeshift has far more charms for the indolent poor. The very essence of efficient poor relief is good workhouse discipline, and good discipline is unattainable without proper classification. Where paupers in

very different circumstances are crowded together, it is clear that they can only be dealt with after a rough and ready fashion. Under this system the man who can do least necessarily determines the treatment of the whole ward. The hulking idler, who rather than do a day's work will put up with the meagre fare of the workhouse, has his wish gratified because there is no proper means of separating him from the invalid whose strength only allows him to do in a day what an able-bodied pauper might do in a couple of hours. At Brentford the want of workhouse accommodation is so great that the Guardians are obliged to put indoor paupers into the casual wards at night because there is no other place in which they can sleep. Now if there is one principle of Poor-law administration more elementary than another, it is that men who choose to come into the workhouse shall not be able to combine the advantages of independent life with the advantages of a life led at other people's expense. For the able-bodied adult the workhouse ought to partake in some degree of the nature of a prison. He is protected against starvation, and so far his position is superior to that which he held out of doors; but to prevent this privilege from being abused it must carry with it the abandonment of the alleviations which makes the risk of starvation endurable. Otherwise the certainty of support would have irresistible charms for lazy or timid men. Amongst these alleviations, change of society is one of the greatest. In a workhouse which thoroughly answers its purpose there is no opportunity for this. The man who will not work finds that he gets very little to eat, and that this little has to be eaten, if not in solitude, at least among faces that he knows by heart, and likes none the better because he knows them. All the inmates lead the same dull life, and each knows almost before he hears it what the others have to say. In the Brentford Workhouse no such cruelty as this is displayed. The indoor paupers are allowed to keep up their knowledge of what is going on outside without making the journey thither for themselves. Each evening some of them have the opportunity of listening to the entertaining, if not improving, conversation of the tramps who are merely lodgers for the night. In this way they find in the workhouse the company, though not the drink, which they would enjoy in the beershop, and are in a position to study how to make a dishonest livelihood with least trouble when they can summon up sufficient energy to start on the tramp.

This is but a small part, however, of the Brentford Guardians' shortcomings. Their greatest error lies in the treatment of the children of whom, from one cause or another, they have the charge. A child who is bred in a workhouse, or who is accustomed to stay in one for long periods, necessarily runs a great chance of growing up a pauper. Early habits and early impressions cling very closely in after life, and though once a pauper always a pauper is not a rule without exceptions, it is a rule to which the exceptions are miserably few. This constant and pressing danger can only be averted by giving the children that moral and physical health which shall dispose and enable them to earn their own living when they leave the workhouse. Otherwise their departure will only be the matter-of-course prelude to their inevitable return. They will find themselves altogether unfitted to take their part in the struggle which awaits them outside, and they will have no sense of shame or strangeness to prevent them from coming back as soon as this unfitness is made clear to them. The representations made to the Guardians by Mr. HENLEY and Dr. MOUTAT on behalf of the Local Government Board at the Conference held on Wednesday show how the necessity of physical and moral training is understood in the Brentford Union. For the last thirteen years the Poor-law Inspectors have been vainly urging the Guardians to transfer the children from the workhouse to a separate school. In 1861 Colonel PIGGOTT traced a virulent attack of skin disease to the insufficiency of cubic space in the children's wards. In 1866 and 1867 Dr. SMITH reported that the children had sore eyes from the overcrowded state of the schoolrooms. In 1870 and 1871 Mr. HENLEY found that the same cause had produced or aggravated scrofula and ophthalmia. The Local Government Board has again and again called the attention of the Guardians to this state of things, but no regard has been paid to its remonstrances. We agree with Mr. HENLEY that the Board has done wisely in delaying any decisive action in the hope of inducing the Guardians to take a more intelligent view of the interests

which they represent. It must never be forgotten that it is the local authority that will have to carry out any improvements which the central authority may order, and that time may be gained in the end by a delay which brings the local authority to execute these improvements of its own free will, instead of having them forced upon it by others. But there is necessarily a limit to such forbearance, and in the case of the Brentford Guardians this limit has at length been overstepped. After thirteen years of arguing they are no nearer being convinced than when the controversy began. Any further hesitation on the part of the Local Government Board can only tend to strengthen the conviction of the Guardians that they are their own masters, and that, so long as the ratepayers are satisfied, they have a right to make the Brentford Workhouse a nursery-ground from which the pauper field may continually be stocked with new and promising plants.

By acting decisively now the Local Government Board will not depart, except in form, from the principle which has hitherto governed their relations with the Brentford Union. Up to this time they have given the Guardians law, in the hope that they would in time come to recognize the true economy of the reforms which have been pressed upon them by the Inspectors. The proceedings of Wednesday show that this hope is vain. The case put forward on the Guardians' behalf is not a string of excuses for not having carried out the official recommendations; it involves a flat denial of the policy on which those recommendations are founded. There is no reason to think, after thirteen years spent in trying to bring the Guardians to reason, that it can be worth while to waste any more years in a similar process. But though it is useless to aim at influencing the existing Guardians, it may not be useless to aim at influencing the ratepayers. The Brentford Union includes districts like Chiswick and Twickenham—districts, that is, in which there must be a very large number of ratepayers of the better class. It is probably not too much to say that a large proportion of these ratepayers have never given an intelligent vote on local matters in their lives. They have either not voted at all, or they have voted to please a friend without troubling themselves as to the merits of the question. But it is equally safe to say that they are interested in getting their rates reduced, and the disclosures of Wednesday will show them how this may be best effected. The Local Government Board represents the enlightened method of dealing with pauperism—the method which seeks to bring up the children who are on the rates in such a way as to prevent them from coming on the rates hereafter. The Board may make mistakes in carrying out its purpose—that contingency is inevitable from the difficult nature of the problem—but it keeps the purpose steadily before its eyes. The Brentford Guardians represent the old method of spending as little as possible on the children now on the rates, and making no account of the fact that a large majority of the children so brought up are certain to become paupers as soon as they come to years of discretion. At the next election of Guardians the respectable ratepayers throughout the Brentford Union will have an opportunity of showing which of these systems they prefer.

THE INTERNATIONALISTS AT BRUSSELS.

THE International Association, though it represents desires and delusions which are more or less vaguely cherished by large classes of people, and which are apt under certain circumstances to become explosive, has never in itself had any really substantial existence. A few years ago it made a great parade of its elaborate organization and formidable numbers, and an impression was spread that the leaders had only to give the signal and a multitude of devoted followers would at once appear to do their bidding. In point of fact, however, the Association was only a sort of paper mask behind which one or two experts in agitation made a great noise which frightened simple people. Here and there, scattered through the chief cities of Europe, were little groups of broken-down professors, obscure journalists, and ambitious artisans, who pleased themselves with the fancy that they were engaged in preparing a great revolutionary movement which was to change the whole constitution of society, and place working-men at the top, of course with the International seated firmly on their shoulders.

The Association made a great show of activity in the way of publishing manifestoes, and otherwise making believe that it had branches in all directions; and there can be no doubt that at one time it imposed upon the French Government, which endeavoured alternately to crush and to bribe it. It was natural that a society of this kind should attract to itself the sort of men who afterwards became prominent under the Paris Commune, and for a moment it almost appeared as if the International was at last embodied as a Government. In reality, however, although some of its members were identified with the Commune, the Association itself was too shadowy for any kind of practical effort. It is possible that it might in time have succeeded in acquiring the organization on the pretence of which it traded; but the political atmosphere has certainly not been favourable to the experiment. Internal dissensions, proceeding from the quarrels of rival leaders, have broken up the Society, and the delegates who have just been holding a meeting at Brussels represent only a fragment of the original body.

The chief object of this meeting appears to have been to demonstrate the hollowness and insignificance of the movement which once created so much alarm. There seems at first to have been considerable doubt whether there would be enough members to make a Congress at all, and not more than fourteen finally turned up. In order, however, that everything might be done in grand style, a President and four Secretaries were appointed—a very liberal proportion of officials for so small a number of members. A question was raised whether a Russian who had come of his own accord, and without authority from anybody, to represent his country should be received, but the Congress was so anxious to make up its numbers that it was only too glad to admit anybody. The Secretary of the Federal Bureau reported that, as nobody had written to him, he had had a very easy time of it, and had not been put to the trouble of answering any letters or to any expense for postage. The Belgian delegate stated that in his country the Association had not been idle. It had got up excursion trains at Antwerp, which had made the International popular in that reactionary city; and at Brussels it had organized itself in a manner which had had the satisfactory result of making the *bourgeoisie* very uneasy. In the Vale of the Vesdre the members had hit upon an ingenious and happy way of showing defiance and contempt for the police, and this was by taking such good care to be peaceable and orderly that the police never had a chance of laying hold of any of them. The Swiss delegate drew attention to a serious obstacle in the progress of the movement in his country, which was that unfortunately there was not a sufficient antagonism there between rich and poor. Moreover, Swiss working-men had a tendency to become *bourgeois*, and it was of course not worth while to pull down one set of *bourgeois* if another set was immediately to spring up. However, he was disposed to take a sanguine view of the future, and to comfort himself with the anticipation that "the misery of the workpeople and the progress of industry would tend more and more to assimilate Switzerland to other countries." In the course of time, therefore, Switzerland might hope to be as miserable as bigger and more advanced countries. Another difficulty was that, though the Socialist propaganda held meetings, published papers, and issued tracts to enlighten the people, the *bourgeois* reformers were constantly thwarting these efforts by proposing palliatives. It must be admitted that it is very hard on the Internationalists that the *bourgeois* reformers should point out that any small holes in the kettle may be easily mended with a little solder, instead of breaking it up altogether and trying to make a new one. The German delegate gave rather a desponding account of affairs in Germany, but the French delegate was more cheerful. He announced that there were now more secret sections of the International in France than under the Empire, but of course he could not enter into particulars. In Italy the Internationalists are also disposed to keep out of view as much as possible, and they have even addressed a remonstrance to the Congress, pointing out the absurdity of "a vast publicly-organized conspiracy," and demanding a radical change of system. As long as the International goes about its work publicly its enemies will know what it is about, and will be able to frustrate its operations. Unfortunately, the necessity for absolute secrecy prevents the Italians from explaining their own modes of action, and they have to be content with the declaration that, "with a heart filled with an immense

"faith in the realization of our programme, we conspire for the complete destruction of the State, with all its malevolent institutions, the annihilation of every kind of authority, under whatever form it may present itself, and for taking possession by the uplifted masses of all the implements of labour, machines, and raw material, including the soil." Everything, it is added, is summed up in the two words "Anarchy and Collectivism," conditions which the Italians consider indispensable to the triumph of the social revolution which they have in view. Most people will agree with them as to the connexion between anarchy and these projects, and perhaps Collectivism might be seen to be equally necessary if one only knew what it meant. The Spanish brethren report that they are in great trouble, and that "vengeance is their war-cry." They are very anxious to have "the great social liquidation" hurried on as quickly as possible.

English working-men appear to have had the good sense to refrain from taking part in this ridiculous exhibition. However much some of them may sympathize with the comprehensive projects of anarchy and spoliation sketched out in the address from Italy, they are probably aware that more is likely to be obtained by the adroit use of one class of proprietors against another. The English Communists have hitherto derived their chief strength from the suicidal folly of industrial capitalists who are weak enough to imagine that they can gratify their social jealousy of landowners without in turn suffering from the principles of confiscation which they are helping to establish. There is nothing new in the ideas which it is the business of the International to propagate, but it would be a mistake to suppose that their folly prevents them from being formidable. The International is contemptible enough in itself, and there can be little doubt that its wisest course would have been to play the part of the veiled prophet. As long as it was a dark mysterious agency, the proportions and resources of which nobody could calculate exactly, it exercised a certain power; but when it presented itself for close inspection in the daylight at Congresses and the like, it was immediately seen how artificial and worthless the apparatus was which for a time had created so much alarm. This impression will be confirmed by the insane rant which has just been poured forth at Geneva. It is necessary, however, to distinguish between the International itself and the wild aspirations and hungry desires which lie behind it. A very small spark may produce terrible results in a certain kind of atmosphere or in the neighbourhood of inflammable materials.

PUBLIC PROSECUTORS.

THE expediency of appointing public prosecutors has been for many years generally admitted; but their character and functions seem to have been for the first time seriously considered by the Judicature Commission. The ancient and existing system of criminal justice has, like many other English institutions, worked better than might be expected; and it has been remarked that in Scotland, where public prosecutors have long been established, crime is not more effectually detected or punished than in England. If revenge is truly defined as wild justice, justice is essentially regulated revenge. The resentment of injured persons will, with or without a public prosecutor, in the great majority of cases set the law in motion. When there is no doubt as to the identity of the offender, the ordinary process of justice is generally sufficient, and the detection of unknown criminals is the business of the police, who have themselves been instituted to meet the more complicated wants of modern society. Fifty years ago there were only a few detective officers in London, and the country and borough police date from a much more recent period. It is difficult to understand how the detection or prevention of crime was managed in times when it is nevertheless known that justice found abundant victims. At present sufferers by theft or violence give information to the police, who prepare the case to be heard by justices in Petty Sessions, or by police magistrates in towns. In country districts, when the prosecutor declines to employ an attorney of his own, the magistrates' clerk who has taken the depositions for the most part conducts the prosecution at Sessions or Assizes. In ordinary cases the depositions on which the committal has been founded serve

for a brief; and the same witnesses who were heard before the magistrate prove the case in Court, having already satisfied the superfluous and inconvenient tribunal of the Grand Jury. When more complicated crimes are committed, and when large interests are involved, prosecutors sometimes incur heavy expense in preparing and conducting prosecutions. The costs of the Bank of England in the prosecutions for forgery two or three years ago were roughly estimated at 100,000*l.* The enormous expense of the prosecution of ORTON for perjury was borne by the State on the direction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In such cases the Solicitor for the Treasury acts as public prosecutor, and either the law officers or other counsel are employed at the discretion of the Treasury.

The majority of the members of the Commission propose only to extend the functions which have been almost accidentally assumed by the magistrates' clerks, who have of late years been generally attorneys. The clerks have for the most part considerable experience in the conduct of prosecutions; and they may be trusted to form a judgment whether the case against a prisoner is sufficient, if supported by the witnesses and uncontradicted, to ensure a conviction. Where the depositions fail to disclose legal proof of guilt, it is usual for the judge to inquire whether additional evidence is forthcoming, and in default of further proof to direct an acquittal. Practitioners in Criminal Courts would probably state that such cases are comparatively rare; and it is understood to be the duty of a magistrate to take care that the evidence on which he commits for trial is such as will sustain a conviction. In fact, not one prisoner in twenty who is sent before a jury is innocent of the crime with which he is charged. The only practical effect of the intermediate inquiry before the Grand Jury is to allow a certain proportion of criminals to escape. If the foreman understands his business, and exerts a proper influence over his colleagues, true bills are found as a matter of course, and no harm is done. In the rare cases in which a Bill is rightly ignored an acquittal would be certain, and it would be more satisfactory to all concerned. Originally Grand Juries were probably the best public prosecutors, and the custom of requiring evidence before they find a Bill is comparatively modern. The only reason for maintaining the institution is that it is agreeable to country gentlemen to bear an ostensible part in the administration of justice. The Grand Jury of Middlesex have repeatedly presented themselves as a nuisance, although their objection is perhaps founded rather on the inconvenience to themselves than on the impediment which they offer to public business. At the Assizes those who are summoned on the Grand Jury are not unwilling to visit the county town on a public occasion, and to receive official sanction for their claims to form a part of the local aristocracy. So far as they have attended to their duties as magistrates they are perhaps entitled to a formal recognition of their services, but it is absurd that, after committing prisoners on careful examination of the evidence, they should take part in an irregular and useless rehearing of the case.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE holds that prosecution is not a stage in criminal proceedings, but that it includes the entire process from the completion of a crime to the conviction of the offender. He accordingly proposes the appointment of a public prosecutor, assisted by a sufficient number of local functionaries, who is to be charged with the detection of crime, with the apprehension of the person suspected, and with the conduct of the case both before the magistrate and at the final trial. His only reason for dissociating the office of public prosecutor from that of Attorney-General is that the law officers are already overburdened with public business. It would indeed be impossible that the Attorney-General should undertake the direction of the police; and his superintendence of ordinary prosecutions could be only nominal. According to the plan of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, a barrister of standing and eminence would be appointed public prosecutor during good behaviour, and local public prosecutors with their requisite staff of clerks would be appointed or dismissed by their chief. It is an essential part of the scheme that every case should at the earliest moment be brought under the notice of the local prosecutor, who would consult in difficult matters the head of the department. The CHIEF JUSTICE thinks that in the majority of cases the public prosecutor would only find it necessary to interfere for the purposes of the trial; but he would at his discretion

superintend and direct the previous inquiries of the police. In every case it would be his duty to examine the depositions, and to take care that the proofs were complete before the case came into court. It would be his business to perform the functions which now devolve on the attorney for the prosecution; or, in Crown prosecutions, on the Solicitor to the Treasury or to other public departments. The public prosecutor would prepare the briefs and instruct counsel, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE thinks that there would be no difficulty in providing against the undue exercise of professional patronage. The power of stopping a prosecution at any stage would be transferred from the Attorney-General to the public prosecutor; but it would be competent to the Government to entrust the conduct of Government prosecutions to its own officers, and the Attorney-General would retain the power of filing *ex officio* informations.

If the proposal of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is adopted, there may perhaps at first be some risk of a conflict of authority between public prosecutors and Commissioners of Police or Chief Constables. It would not be desirable that the police should be placed directly under the control of any stranger to the force, but the superior officer of the district might without inconvenience be required to obey the directions of the public prosecutor, either in adopting particular methods of detection or in collecting evidence. The heads of the police would frequently profit by the opportunity of obtaining sound legal advice, and they might sometimes welcome relief from the responsibility which they are at present compelled to incur. The public prosecutors, as well as the police, would be subject to the authority of the Home Office, which would have the power to determine their mutual relations. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE entertains a high opinion of the police, but he concurs in the general belief that their zeal for conviction sometimes leads them too far, and that they ought not to be trusted with the conduct of prosecutions beyond the preliminary stage. It is in fact much more difficult to prepare a case for committal than to prove it before a jury. The trial is merely a decent formality, except in the few cases in which an innocent person is unjustly accused. Great deference is due to the experience and knowledge of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; and it is to be regretted that criminals should sometimes escape because the evidence against them has not been prepared with sufficient care; but the main object of the appointment of public prosecutors would be to facilitate the detection of crime, and to prevent the impunity which arises from negligence, or sometimes from compromise. The expense of the necessary staff would not be grudged, if crime were more effectually detected and more certainly punished. It may be supposed that prosecutions directed and conducted by public officers would not be subjected to the vexatious supervision of Treasury clerks, who now sometimes display their power by refusing to sanction costs which are indispensable to the due administration of justice. The Judges have often censured the capricious parsimony of functionaries who ought to be auditors and not censors of judicial expenses.

WORKMEN'S TRAINS.

THE controversy as to the obligation of the Railway Companies in the matter of workmen's trains raises several questions of interest. In the first place, it has been put, alike by the Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company and by the London Trades' Council, on a wrong footing. Sir EDWARD WATKIN declares that these trains have been run "for reasons of philanthropy and not for profit." The decision of the Board, he says, was influenced in no small degree "by a sense of duty towards the poorer people of London, whose dwelling-places are a stigma upon the wealth and civilization of the metropolis." He seems further to hint that these sacrifices to philanthropy might have gone on for ever if the public had but been decently grateful to its benefactors. But this great railway interest "which has done more than any other interest for the benefit of the nation" is everlastingly abused, and in consequence of this the Companies may be expected to "adopt the new policy of looking after themselves." The London Trades' Council, on the other hand, treat the matter as one not of philanthropy, but of justice. They demand that a law should be passed making it compulsory upon the Railway Companies "to afford every facility for the transit of working men and

"women to and from their places of employment;" the words "every facility" being subsequently explained to mean "at the lowest possible fares." In a matter of this kind professions of philanthropy and claims of right are equally out of place. It is difficult to believe that the policy of looking after themselves will be really a new policy with any Railway Company. They may easily bring more intelligence to the process, but it may be doubted whether they can possibly bring more good will. Sir EDWARD WATKIN includes among the motives which originally determined the South-Eastern Directors to run workmen's trains the hope of finding them a commercial success, and, now that they have not been found a commercial success, he recommends the Directors to withdraw them. On the face of it, therefore, the philanthropy of the Company breaks down just where the pinch comes. So long as they hope to make workmen's trains pay, the Directors are animated by a sense of duty towards the poorer people of London. As soon as they discover that the trains do not pay, they suddenly become impressed with their duties towards their shareholders. If workmen's trains were to be a commercial success, where was the philanthropy? If they were to be run without regard to profit and loss, where was the Directors' consideration for their shareholders? The simple explanation probably is, that if the workmen's trains had brought in the money the Directors expected, they would have been glad to enjoy popularity and a consciousness of doing good into the bargain.

The claim of the London Trades' Council is founded on a misconception of what Railway Companies really are. It is not unnatural perhaps that careless persons, seeing the immense scale on which railway business is conducted, should come to fancy that they are in some sort State concerns. The London Trades' Council would not dream of asserting a right on behalf of working-men to be carried at the lowest possible fares by any carrier's cart which they might please to hail. They would at once admit that this would be an unjustifiable interference with individual property. The owner of the cart has a right to charge what he chooses for the benefit of riding in it, and if the workman cannot afford to pay the price demanded, he must either walk or find some other carrier who will convey him more cheaply. What the London Trades' Council do not see is that Railway Companies are nothing more than common carriers writ large, and that to compel them to carry working-men at less than a paying rate would be to impose a special tax upon the shareholders for the benefit of a particular class of passengers. It would be just as reasonable to ask each proprietor of a joint-stock bank to contribute a penny towards the cost of workmen's tickets as to ask railway proprietors to issue tickets at a penny when they really cost them twopence. The Railway Companies are ready to run trains of any description at rates which bring them in sufficient profit. It is clear, therefore, that what the London Trades' Council really mean by the lowest possible fares is, not the lowest fares at which trains will pay, but such fares as will come within reach of the workman's pocket. If this is to be demanded of Railway Companies, why not of the owners of cabs and omnibuses? And if it is to be demanded of those who sell the means of conveyance, why not of those who sell other commodities? It would be no more unreasonable to "make it imperative" upon bakers or butchers to "afford every facility" for the feeding of working-men and working-women than to make it imperative upon Railway Companies to afford every facility "for their transit to and from their places of employment."

There are two respects, however, in which Railway Companies differ from other carriers, and it remains to inquire whether these differences ought to involve any difference of treatment on the part of the Legislature. In the first place, they are the holders of what in most places is a monopoly of the means of conveyance. If the South-Eastern Company, for example, refuses to run cheap trains between Greenwich and London, it is not at present open to others to do so, even if they are persuaded that it can be done at a profit. Parliament had a plain right in the first instance to make what terms it chose for the grant of this virtual monopoly, and, inasmuch as it has never pledged itself not to allow competing railways to be constructed, it has still a right to say to the South-Eastern Company, If you do not find it answer to run cheap trains between Greenwich and London, we will allow any Company which thinks that it can do more for the public in this way to construct a new railway alongside of yours. It is conceivable that, with the experience

which has been gained from observation of existing railways, and with the introduction of cheaper modes of working, it might be worth the while of a new Company to try the experiment, and so to drive the existing Company either to reduce its fares or to bear the loss of a great part of its traffic. It is not likely that any legislation of this kind is imminent, but Railway Directors may do well to anticipate the possible consequences of subjecting the public to needless irritation. The real way out of the difficulty is perhaps to be looked for in a general reduction of third-class fares. At present one objection urged against running workmen's trains is that people who are not workmen travel by them, and that in consequence of this the earnings by other trains are lessened. But this may mean that there is a large class of persons who would travel more frequently by rail if the fares were reduced. At all events Railway Companies will be wise to exhaust every possibility of improvement in this direction before they take off workmen's trains without enabling those who travel in them to share in a general lowering of passenger charges. The other distinction is that Railway Companies which have stations in the centre of London and other large towns have undoubtedly greatly contributed to overcrowding among the poor by pulling down great numbers of dwellings without any proper provision being made for the housing of their inmates. Parliament has now devised a mode of meeting such cases, and for the future no Railway Company will be allowed to evict poor tenants unless some arrangement can be made for providing them with as good dwellings as those of which they are to be dispossessed. A condition of this sort cannot be made retrospective, but the Companies who have not been subject to it may fairly be asked to consider whether, in running workmen's trains, they make any greater sacrifice than that which will henceforth be demanded of all Companies which desire to extend their accommodation, and would certainly be demanded of them if they had now to make their lines over again. If this is the case, and if in continuing to run workmen's trains they merely decline to avail themselves of an accidental advantage over younger Companies, they will do well to hesitate before they expose themselves and the interests they represent to the hostility of a class which feels more keenly than it reasons. The owners of a kind of property which uneducated men are apt to imagine to be in some unexplained way the property of the nation can hardly be well advised in making themselves unpopular for any trivial cause.

CENSORS.

WE doubt whether a habit of judging the conduct of others is compatible with self-study. There are respectable persons in every rank of society who seem to view themselves as the guardians of the lesser public morals—persons who may be defined as the voice of public opinion to all within their reach. They lay down the law with an unflinching regard to the simple right and wrong of every question; it is their vocation to keep up the rigour of decorum and the consistency of practice; they are unconsciously referred to as "the world" in every conflict between time-honoured custom or exact propriety and personal inclination and convenience; they live in a constant surprise at the laxity of other men's principles, and the loopholes through which other men escape the obligations imposed by a nicer conscience. Their whole tone, in short, represents stability and inflexibility; but nevertheless, when their own turn comes, they not only avail themselves of the same loopholes, but do it in utter unconsciousness that they are running counter to their own most strongly pronounced rules of action. It is not that they ride over scruples, but that they have none; they fail to see the analogy between their own case and the nearly parallel one on which they have recently passed an emphatic judgment. For point and emphasis, the gift of putting an opinion in an epigrammatic form easy to remember and adapted for quotation, is one much exercised by these mentors. Horace Walpole, writing to his friend George Montagu, on the death of his cousin Lady Bab, tempers his condolences with an anecdote. "I must make you smile. The second Miss Jefferies was to go to a ball yesterday at Hampton Court with Lady Sophia's daughters. The news came, and your aunt said the girl must not go to it. The poor child then cried in earnest. Lady Sophia went to intercede for her, and found her grandmother at backgammon, who would hear no entreaties. Lady Sophia represented that Miss Jefferies was but a second cousin, and could not have been acquainted. 'Oh! madam, if there is no such thing as tenderness left in the world—cinq ace—Sir, you are to throw.' If this old lady had not had such very decided views about the social duties incumbent on the class of mourners in general, she might have asked herself some questions about the legitimacy of her own pleasures as one of that class. But

her position of arbiter, the shock to her sense of propriety in any public appearance under the circumstances, and the duty of protesting against other people's laxity, put such comparisons out of the range of possible speculation.

An insight into motives, and into the less obvious class of influences that determine conduct, is among the most marked differences between man and man. The people we speak of would be spoiled for their work if they set themselves to study the inner workings of mind. Action is their starting point; and it is clear that self is much further removed from one line of investigation than from the other. Men whose bent is to trace an action back to its source are driven, as it were, to self-study. They can know nothing of the subtle working of another mind but through their own. Those, on the other hand, who centre their scrutiny on the doings of their neighbours do not commonly trouble themselves with actuating causes. Thus they simply assume that motives must be as alien from their own finer tact or conscience as the action itself. The person who is in the habit of accounting to himself for the why and the wherefore of his course of feeling, motive, and performance can hardly fail to be indulgent in his judgments. All thought, questioning, deliberation upon the action of others, leads towards tenderness and sympathy. It is a frame of mind that may easily become morbid, investing even crime with fascination to certain imaginations, and, short of this, obscuring the strict boundary between right and wrong. But the people who judge by rule and line, by cut and dried social laws and prejudices, who never consult their inner self for extenuating circumstances, are certain to err in the opposite direction. No man can fairly judge his fellow, either in great matters or in small, without sympathy—an undreamt of superfluity to the self-elected censor. In the absence of this moderator the very strength of opinion on a question of duty or propriety must, to people of this turn, ensure performance and obedience to it in their own case as a matter beyond self-inquiry. In short, a strict rule for others passes with many for conscientiousness; it seems so impossible to steady respectability not to act as it preaches; especially it is not in ordinary human nature to suspect itself of failure at the very point where it is keenest-sighted, and where its judgment is most vigorously exercised. There is a self-evident absurdity in acting against our principles, in having one rule for others and another for ourselves. We understand inconsistency well enough in the case of other people and the world in general, but the contradiction is too violent an insult to self-love to be regarded as possible in our own person. And, in fact, however the code may seem to be outraged to the observer, we do not find it strikes the censor as an inconsistency.

Nor is it so difficult as at first appears to provide a satisfactory solution for an apparent hitch between principle and practice. It is only to give to self alone the benefit of exceptions. It may be observed that exceptions are always personal things. Other people's illnesses, for example, follow a prescribed course; but when it comes to our turn, our malady accommodates itself to no category, and resists all nomenclature. And so of regimen and of every branch of practice that is a law to the generality. What we are ready to enforce on the mass happens, for some reason or other, not to fit our own idiosyncrasy; for it is so common for people to think their own case peculiar, and subject to no general law, that scarcely anybody is wholly free from the illusion. The most furious zealots will make exceptions for those on whom their affections centre. The world must accept a certain formula or be consigned to hopeless perdition; but an escape is found for a recalcitrant brother, lover, husband, or wife. Something quite singular is found in the favoured case. No precept is unbending enough to escape such handling. The Nubian Arabs, who are strict Mahometans in a country prolific of pig, will eat wild boar, though in express prohibition to the rules of the Koran. "But what would your Fakir (a countryman, no doubt) say if he was aware of such a transgression?" "Oh, we have already asked permission," was the reply; "and he says, if you have the Koran in hand and no pig, you are forbidden to eat pork; but if you have the pig in your hand and no Koran, you had better eat what God has provided you." Thus it is possible to abhor eaters of pork and at the same time to eat it. A similar case is presented by David Deans, that model censor, upon the occasion of Reuben Butler's being presented by the Duke of Argyll to the living of Knocktarlittie. "Honest David," it is observed, "had now, like other great men, to go to work to reconcile his speculative principles with existing circumstances, and, like other great men, when they set seriously about that task, he was tolerably successful." The course of reasoning by which he succeeded in eating the words of a lifetime is very ably and humorously set forth. So far from any qualm visiting the good man on the surprising conclusions arrived at, or any humbling sense of inconsistency, we are told that the messenger whom he despatched to his son-in-law elect added to his summons "that certainly the gudeman of St. Leonards had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a madden cock upon pattens." The censorial temper is not suspicious; strong in its moral insight, it owns no vulnerable side. What satisfies its clear notions of right must needs satisfy the world. We are very sure that no shamefaced consciousness would withhold old David from continuing to denounce in his usual strain those "ulcers and imposthumes, the sores and leprosy of his time," from which by a chain of subtle distinctions he had so barely kept aloof.

There must be censors, but the office is certainly one of those which, if good for mankind, are yet perilous to the holders.

We have David Deanses in our own time, who are very apt to call the attention of the public to a man's private transactions, and to express their opinion of other people's line of conduct with a length and elaboration which circumstances did not seem to call for. We never see a parson called to account in a newspaper for being at a ball, or a bishop for dining out in Lent, without a pretty strong conviction, justified by instances to the point, that the dictators of these reproofs will be "doing the same" before long, only under exceptional circumstances. The grandees of the county give a ball. The censor is invited—"not of course to the dance—the whole house is thrown open." Our serious friend is there, but assures us that he scarcely comes within sound of the fiddles. The ascetic whose zeal drove him into print refuses a dozen dull invitations, and in each case gives his reasons; but there comes one attended by such peculiar circumstances that rules ought to give way. Some host whose civilities have been rewarded with three pages of austere counsel meets him without being aware of the special points which make it right to be at the distinguished gathering, though wrong to sit down at his own less brilliant or fashionable board, and he reports the encounter; not, however, to the confusion of his critic, who is strong in the monopoly of exceptions. It does not occur to him that the bishop may have been acting under peculiar circumstances also. However, we are describing censors, not judging them.

Society, and especially the more domestic forms of social life, may be said to be governed by female censors, self-constituted exactors of observances and definers of the proprieties of life. They settle times and seasons; they are authorities upon ceremonies; they have fixed opinions on the breadth of crape and how long it should be worn. Tenderness and feeling are with them identified with their outward tokens, things to be weighed and measured. And they follow strictly their own rules, and are conspicuous examples so long as no exceptional circumstances arise. It is impossible for a woman of due sensibility not to stand in awe of these arbiters, not to regulate her conduct with some reference to their dictum. Absolute defiant self-reliance is no part of social discretion. Only, if she has a rigidly faithful friend who lives in her mind as a subsidiary conscience in minor proprieties—"What will Priscilla say?" interposing itself in every conflict between prescription and inclination—and if it ever occurs to her friend to be tested where she is most officious in advising, it is ten to one but she will witness some broad modification; some difference between preaching and practice which takes her by surprise. But it does not startle Priscilla, who is too unconscious of inconsistency to apologize, and perhaps preaching one way and practising another simultaneously. The habit of laying down the law and judging our neighbour is not to be checked by a mere rule of conduct. It is so natural to do what is pleasantest that people out of the way of self-scrutiny slip into it unconsciously as into an attitude of bodily repose.

This practice of self-study is not necessarily allied to greatness of mind; with some noted examples of it it is more a faculty or a taste than a virtue or a grace, but it always promotes candour and fair judging. Pepys, a fair, though by no means a great man—a man however held in high respect by Evelyn, himself a censor in the best sense of the word—wrote his Diary at a time when society was extraordinarily corrupt, when public men were venal beyond example, and the Court a byword for all time. He was in the way of seeing and hearing a great deal both of public men and the Court, and writes about them with perfect truth; but he writes with equal fidelity about himself; his motives are as naturally recorded as his actions; therefore he is never censorious. It seems as if he knew himself too well for the luxury of abuse. If he reflects at one time on the short-lived grief of widows, he falls back at once on his experience for an explanation. "Sent for by my Lady Batten. I to her, and there she found fault with me for not seeing her since her being a widow, which I excused as well as I could. And here do see what creatures widows are in weeping for their husbands and then presently leaving off; but I cannot wonder at it, the cares of the world take place of all other passions." And he knows this, and excuses it because he himself reflects on the death of a friend, and the causes which modified his own grief. "Which I do sorrow for as much as I can, for a death that brings me a hundred a year." He can write with moderation of the alleged cowardice of our naval officers, because he knows what a panic is in his own person. "On foot to Greenwich, where going I was set upon by a great dog, who got hold of my garters, and might have done me hurt; but, Lord! to see in what a maze I was, that having a sword about me I never thought of it, or had the heart to use it." He was the great man of his family, and took upon him on one occasion to blow up a poor relation; the man returned him, word for word, all his own terms of slight and disrespect. "Which argues," he remarks, "a high and noble spirit in him, though it troubles me a little that he should make no more of my anger; yet I cannot blame him for doing so, he being the elder brother's son, and not depending on me at all." No man ever took a more candid view of himself—surveying his inner self, as it were, from some external standpoint; and no man was ever more dispassionately fair and indulgent in the sense that what others did was intelligible to him. Yet he was fairly honest among rogues, and a faithful servant to his king, his chief, and his country, when the majority about him were every man for himself. In this particular quality he stands unrivalled. There are, we believe, more

"great and good men" than there are men of this unsparing self-knowledge and unflinching self-portraiture.

The office of censor is noble or trivial, those who fill it betray a lofty or a petty spirit, according to motives and objects. Zeal, a passion for virtue, a hatred of vice and wrong, urges the heroic censor to his task, beyond all thought of self, whether flattering or humiliating. A milder, but not less genuine, zeal for the right compels the social critic often unwillingly to his or her calling. The petty censor is prompted primarily by some personal motive. Some vanity of a special insight, some notion of privilege or self-importance, some suspicion of slight, some solicitude for display, or perhaps the mere spirit of meddling, lies at the bottom of the censorship, and prompts to officious expression; and self, being so far busy, is not to be put down when interest or convenience demands a remission of strict rule. The censor unsays his precepts, and society is justified in turning tables on its critic.

MR. DAWKINS ON THE BASQUES.

IN the present number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Dawkins has put into a systematic shape the result of the latest observations on an important question with regard to the ethnology of Britain and of Europe. This is the question with regard to the past and present extent of that non-Aryan race in Western Europe which is now represented by the Basques. No one doubts that that race had, even in historical times, a much wider extent than it has now. No one doubts, for instance, that the Basques are the remnant of a race which once occupied a much wider range in Spain and Southern Gaul, and most likely there are not many who doubt that they represent the oldest surviving inhabitants of those countries. Few will now be inclined to hold with Niebuhr that the Celts were in Spain before the Iberians, and that the Iberians appeared in the peninsula as intruders upon the Celts. It seems now to be generally acknowledged that the Basques on both sides of the Pyrenees are the remnant of the old Iberians on both sides of the Pyrenees, that these Iberians or Basques are the remnant of the earliest non-Aryan inhabitants of Western Europe within historic times, and that it was upon them that the Celts came as the vanguard of the Aryan migration. And when thus much is accepted as something very like certain history, we are ready to accept a good deal more as having a very high degree of probability. We are quite prepared to see in the Basques the remnant of a people who, even in historic times, may be traced far beyond the bounds of Spain and Gaul, and who in prehistoric times may very well have been spread much further still. We are quite prepared to accept, on a very small amount of evidence, the Ligurians of Gaul and Italy, the Sikanians of Sicily, and even the native tribes of Northern Africa, those who were there before Phœnician and Roman conquests, as belonging to the same race as the Iberians of Spain and Aquitaine. And, if we admit Ligurians and Sikanians as branches of this once widespread race, we as good as admit that the whole of Italy was once occupied by an Iberian people, and that, ages before the Scipios carried the Roman arms into Spain, the primitive Latin, the forefather of the Roman, had to dislodge the kinsmen of the Spanish Iberian from the seven hills themselves. To such a belief there is no kind of *a priori* objection; the doctrine falls in with all that we know of the general relations of the Aryan and non-Aryan races, and it further falls in with not a few strange and isolated, and therefore the more trustworthy, Italian traditions. Nay, we are prepared to go further and to believe that, besides these regions where this ancient race may be tracked by something like history or tradition, modern science may track them in wide regions where they have left no such historical or traditionary traces. Many scholars have been led by a quite independent line of argument to believe that the British islands, before the coming of any branch of the Celtic race, were inhabited by a non-Aryan people, to whom some classes at least of megalithic structures are to be assigned. The only question would be whether these non-Aryan inhabitants of Britain were Basques or Fins, and if, as some say, Basques and Fins are really the same, this is no longer a question at all. To all this there is no kind of objection; it is just what we should look for *a priori*, and a very small amount of positive proof would be enough to make us believe it. But it is going a step further when we are told, not only that there once were Basques or other non-Aryan inhabitants of the British islands, but that a certain, and not very inconsiderable, Basque element remains in the inhabitants of the British islands still. This doctrine is not altogether new; there is something like it in Tacitus, and it has been strongly set forth by Professor Huxley. Here it is again put forth as part of an elaborate system by Mr. Dawkins. Now the arguments both of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Dawkins naturally turn mainly on physical phenomena, as the form of skulls, and on the evidence furnished by implements and the like. This is one side of the case, and we do not at all undertake to answer the various arguments on behalf of his view which Mr. Dawkins has put together in a very clear and orderly shape. What we wish to do is to put on record some arguments from another side which it seems to us that Mr. Dawkins has forgotten or undervalued.

Mr. Dawkins, almost at the beginning of his essay, speaks thus:—

The study of language has proved itself a broken reed to lean upon, since a language may pass away without a corresponding change of race. The English-speaking Cornishman, for example, is the descendant of the

Welsh-speaking dweller in West Wales, and has lost his mother-tongue without changing his *physique*; and English at the present time is slowly but surely supplanting Welsh throughout Wales, without any corresponding alteration in the people. It is obvious, therefore, that language is a very uncertain guide to race.

Now if anybody were to set up language as the one unerring guide to race, we should at once be plunged into the wildest confusions and contradictions of the plainest facts of history. But it does not therefore follow that language is to be cast aside as something which need not be taken at all into consideration in forming our judgment on such questions as those which are here started by Mr. Dawkins. It is quite certain that many nations have changed their language without any change in themselves—that is, they have adopted the language of some other nation. The example of Cornwall which Mr. Dawkins has chosen is as good a one as could be found. Though the saying about Tre, Pol, and Pen is all nonsense—though, as every one who has looked in Domesday must know, the forefather of any particular Tre, Pol, or Pen is as likely to have been English or Norman as British—yet there can be no doubt that the great mass of the inhabitants of Cornwall are of British descent. Nevertheless no tongue is now spoken in Cornwall but English. In the like manner various other tongues, among which Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, Arabic, and Persian are conspicuous, are, or have been, spoken by large masses of people who certainly were not Greek, Latin, or so forth by descent. Still, for a people to change their language is by no means an easy business. And, though it has often happened in the history of the world, yet every case in which it has happened is in some sort an exceptional case. That is to say, when a nation has changed its language, we shall commonly see some special reason why that particular nation should change it. When a nation changes its language, it commonly does so because it has been conquered or otherwise strongly influenced by some nation which has a marked superiority over itself. Mere conquest is not enough. A conquest is not likely greatly to affect the language of the conquered, unless the conquerors settle to a considerable extent in the conquered country. And something more is needed besides mere conquest and mere settlement. When the conqueror is also the civilizer, he can commonly carry his language with him. If he is not the civilizer, if he overcomes a people more civilized than himself, experience shows that he is not likely to impose his language upon the conquered, but is more likely to exchange his own language for theirs. In a large part of Asia, where the inhabitants had no special civilization of their own but were ready to accept the Greeks as their masters in everything, Greek easily displaced the language of the countries, and became, as in some parts it still remains, the one spoken language. In the further East the case was different; there were ancient national systems, which we may look upon as very inferior to that of Greece, but which still had quite life and strength enough to bear up against Greek influences. All that the Macedonian Kings of Syria and Egypt could do was to plant Greek colonies in their kingdoms; they were not able to make Greek supplant the native languages throughout the whole country. So in the West, Latin spread itself everywhere, because there the Romans were teachers as well as conquerors. But it utterly failed to supplant either Greek or the languages older than Greek in the lands east of the Adriatic. So again, when the Teutonic conquerors settled within the Roman dominions, wherever they simply settled among the Roman inhabitants and did not displace them, instead of carrying their language with them, they adopted the language of the conquered. It was only in the lands where the Roman inhabitants were really displaced—in Britain and in the lands along the Rhine and the Danube—that the Teutonic conquerors kept their Teutonic language. In all these cases we can see why certain nations changed their language, while certain others do not. The more civilized language will displace the less civilized, even in the teeth of a great superiority of numbers. But nothing short of a superiority of numbers on the part of the conquerors which comes very near to an extermination of the conquered can make the more civilized language give way to the less.

The same line of argument may be followed out with the progress of the English language in the Celtic parts of the British islands, with that of German among Wends and Prussians, with that of Spanish in vast regions of America. Wherever a people change their language for another, we can see a definite reason for their changing it. And when a nation does altogether change its language, nay when a nation is wholly swept away, its language does not at all necessarily vanish without leaving traces of itself. In many parts of the world, extinct languages, languages of which not a word is now spoken within their ancient bounds, have left their mark in the names of great natural objects, and, where there are any, of great cities. A crowd of examples press upon us from the English-speaking lands on both sides of the ocean; our Pens and our Lydiards, Connecticut and Massachusetts, London on the Thames and Gloucester on the Severn, are witnesses that there was a time when tongues other than English were spoken both in Old England and in New. So we may set it down as an almost certain rule that, however little of any other kind a nation may leave behind it, it will always leave some signs of its presence in local nomenclature. The presence of the Basques themselves may be traced far beyond the bounds to which their present range is confined. Languages, like men, may be banished; like men, they may suffer death; but, like men also, they commonly leave at least their monuments behind them.

Now what we are asked to believe on the subject of the Basques is this. History tells us that, before English or Roman invasions, Britain was inhabited by Celtic races. In a not inconsiderable part of the island Celtic races still remain speaking their ancient languages, and we know further that, in comparatively late times, those languages were spoken over a much larger part of Britain than they are now. We could tell further, without any other kind of evidence, by the aid of nomenclature only, that the Celtic languages—or, if the Celtic languages had utterly perished, that some language other than English and Latin—had once been spoken over all Britain. Why these changes should take place, why the Celts should in one part of the island vanish before the English, why in another part they should exchange their language for the English, are all facts which can be explained in the simplest way; they all follow the universal law of such cases. But now we are not only asked to believe, what we are perfectly ready to believe, that Britain was occupied by Basques before the Celts came into it—not only that a small infusion of Basque blood may have found its way into the veins of the Celtic conquerors, just as a small infusion of Celtic blood found its way into the veins of the English conquerors—but we are further asked to believe that in a not very small district of the island the prevailing blood is as truly Basque as in other parts it is Celtic and Teutonic. When we are asked to believe this, we cannot help at least pointing out that the change which is supposed is one which is quite without a parallel in the history of our own country, perhaps in the history of any other country. We can see why the Celts in Britain should change their own language either for Latin or for English; we cannot see why the Basques in Britain should change their language for Celtic. Yet, if it be true that there still is in Wales a Basque population showing marked Basque physical features, it is plain that they must have exchanged their language for Celtic ages before the authentic history of our island begins. Now it is plain enough why Iberians in Spain and Gaul should have forsaken their own language for the language of their Roman conquerors; but we can see no reason why Iberians in Britain should have exchanged their language for the language of their Celtic conquerors. The Celts may have been, or they may not have been, slightly in advance of the Iberians in some of the needful arts; but it cannot be thought that the Celts came amongst the Iberians as civilizers in the same way in which the Romans appeared as civilizers. The Celtic tongue cannot have been set before the Basques, as the Latin and the English tongues have at different times been set before the Celts, as the tongue of a people in every way greater and stronger and more civilized and altogether out of comparison with themselves. Yet the supposed Basque population in Britain now speaks, and from the beginning of history it has spoken, not Basque but Welsh, except so far as it may have further exchanged Welsh for English. No one has shown that there is even an infusion of Basque in the Welsh language; no one has shown that there is any trace of Basque nomenclature in any district of Britain. A Celtic settlement in such an age among a Basque people must have led to the extermination or expulsion of the Basque inhabitants; that they should have turned into Celts, without leaving any trace in the language or even in the nomenclature of the country, is a thing which in our point of view seems altogether unparalleled.

We thankfully accept Mr. Dawkins's physical facts as stating one side of the subject; we accept them as most valuable materials towards the discussion of the question; but we cannot look on the question as wholly settled till evidence of another kind has been weighed against them. We do not at all wish to make language the only guide in such matters; but we cannot admit that the evidence of language is to be cast away as if it had nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Dawkins's theory has in its own point of view strong arguments in its favour, but he should not forget that, from another point of view, there are difficulties no less strong in its way.

SOHO SQUARE.

IT is just a hundred years since the fortunes of Mrs. Theresa Cornelys began to decline, and with them the glories of Soho Square. Who remembers her now? Yet she was once a central figure in the fashionable world of London. Her house, now a pickle shop, was crowded with princes, nobles, and fine ladies. Her ball-room, now a Romanist chapel, was the head-quarters of extravagance and gorgeous apparel. It was at one of her masquerades that the beautiful daughter of a peer wore the costume of an Indian princess, three black girls bearing her train, a canopy held over her head by two negro boys, and her dress covered with jewels worth a hundred thousand pounds. It was at another that Adam, in flesh-coloured tights and an apron of fig-leaves, was to be seen in company with the Duchess of Bolton as Diana. Death, in a white shroud, bearing his own coffin and epitaph, Lady Augusta Stuart as a Vestal, the Duke of Gloucester, in an old English habit with a star on his cloak, and the Duke of Devonshire, "who was very fine, but in no particular character"—all these, and others, passed through her rooms; yet before many years had gone by she was selling asses' milk at Knightsbridge, and in 1797 she died in the Fleet Prison, forming schemes to the very last for retrieving her broken fortunes. Attempts were unsuccessfully made to keep up the festivities of Carlisle House, but Almack's drew away the great, and the Square gradually declined in the world, from fashion to philosophy, from artists to tradesmen, from shops to hospitals, until at length its lowest depth seems

to have been reached, and the beautifier of Leicester Square has been summoned to the assistance of Soho.

The ruthless hand of historical truth has of late years demolished many pretty stories, and has not spared the favourite legend of Soho. In the happy days when we believed in the immaculate purity of Anne Boleyn, when we derived Charing Cross from the *chère reine*, when we attributed the razing of Fotheringay to the filial piety of King James, and had a childlike faith generally in the honour and virtue of crowned heads, there were many tales to be repeated as constantly appropriate to certain localities, and always "as true as you're standing there." Among them, and involving a singular perversion of facts, is the popular account of the name of this district. "Soho" was the Duke of Monmouth's watchword at Sedgemoor, and was applied by his party to the Square in which his town house stood. So ran the tale. There is a sediment of truth in it. The Duke did live in a house on the south side of what was then called King's Square, and his memory was long cherished in that district and elsewhere. But the district was then called, as it is called still, "Soho," and King's Square was then, as it is still, in "Soho." Monmouth's watchword was derived from the name of the place where his house stood, not exactly from the name of the Square; for it was then called generally King's Square, or else Soho Fields, and this name had been known, as Lord Macaulay points out, at least a year before Sedgemoor, and, as he might have pointed out, at least fifty years before that again. Where the name came from is a different question. It is easy to form conjectures about it, and to say it is derived from the footpad's slang of the sixteenth century, that the fields were lonely at night, and that divers persons were robbed in them, and so forth. In reality, however, we do not know much about the matter, and had better let it alone; while for those who like associations of the kind, it will be enough to point out that Monmouth's house stood where there is now a hospital for women, and that the narrow alley called Bateman's Buildings is on a part of the site.

There is still an old-world air about the place. If you dive down into the streets and lanes you see everywhere evidences of the greatness of former occupants. If a street door is open there is a vision of carved oak panelling, of fretted ceilings, of frescoed walls, of inlaid floors. Squalid as are some of the tenements, their inhabitants do not need to dream that they dwell in marble halls. Once on a time even Seven Dials was fashionable, and is not a king buried in St. Anne's? for one Wright, an oilman in Compton Street, had the body of Theodore of Corsica interred at his expense, and Horace Walpole pointed the moral of the poor Fleet prisoner's tale in his well-known epitaph. Here and there, at the corners, a little bit of the quaint style now in vogue as Queen Anne's allures the unwary passenger into a noisome alley, and Soho can boast of fully as many smells as Cologne. The paradoxes in which facts and statistics are so often connected may receive another example from this densely populated and still more densely perfumed region, for it has been found that children survive the struggles of infancy better in Soho than in many a high and airy country parish. Paintings by Sir James Thornhill and Angelica Kauffman are to be seen in some of the houses. Modern cast-iron railings may stand abashed before the finely-wrought work which encloses some of the filthiest areas. There are mantelpieces in marble, heavy with Corinthian columns, and elaborate entablatures in many an upper chamber let at so much a week. Visitors to the House of Mercy at the corner of Greek Street have an uncovenanted reward for their charity in seeing how the great Alderman Beckford was lodged when he did not make the speech now inscribed on his monument in Guildhall. Art still reigns in the house opposite, where the Royal Academy held its infant meetings, and it was close by, at the corner of Compton Street, that Johnson and Boswell, Reynolds and Burke, kept their literary evenings, and were derided by Goldsmith. The more purely scientific associations of the place are almost equally remarkable. On the south side of the Square, in the corner near Frith Street, Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Payne Knight successively flourished, and the Linnæan Society had here its head-quarters before it was promoted to Burlington House. Since the whole of Soho was more or less fashionable, it is nothing remarkable to find Evelyn and Burnet and Dryden residing within its bounds; but there is some interest in the lying in state there of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, when his body, recovered from the sea at Scilly, was on its way to Westminster Abbey. No doubt an effigy surmounted the pall, and the illustrious foundling appeared in the Roman armour and the full-bottomed wig in which he reposes upon his monument. Half the sites of curious scenes in Soho, half the residences of historical characters, have, however, been left without identification. When the Society of Arts began some years ago to follow the French example, and to place little tablets on the houses in which great men lived or died, they did well; but of late, for some years, they have slackened their efforts, and the whole district deserves, and still needs, the signs of their activity. If they are not disposed to carry on the task, they should formally give it up. There is much room here for something of the kind, and if it be true that Mr. Albert Grant proposes to assist Soho Square, he cannot have a better field for his operations. Here and there among the narrow streets and the crowded passages a shield of arms attached to the front of a house marks the residence of a great noble, or the name at a corner suggests the scene of some great event; but for the most part the labyrinth is unexplored, and the sites are forgotten or altogether unknown.

Almost simultaneously we hear of two projected improvements in neighbouring places. The Duke of Northumberland is prepared, it is said, to do something for Trafalgar Square, and the inhabitants have been stirring themselves up for the rescue of Soho. What the former noble space requires is not a garden. The smooth concrete which surrounds the Nelson column should not be disturbed. The lions of Landseer will look no better for being embowered in evergreens. The fountains will still be squirts, and their spray will still bespatter the passenger. What Trafalgar Square wants is a worthy building at its head. Until this is obtained the genius of a Knowles would be wasted on the place, and the riches of a Grant lavished delusively. A National Gallery, worthy of the nation, should rear a mighty front behind the fountains and the pillar. If money is to be spent it should be spent here, and perhaps, if a large sum were offered from some private purse, a still larger sum to meet it might be extracted without grumbling from the revenue of the country. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners find it very easy to encourage private benefactions by grants from the common funds, and no doubt something of the kind might be done, even on a larger scale, in the case of such national sites. Many of our art collections, now rendered almost inaccessible by their removal to the remote suburb of Brompton, might be placed here in the very centre of London. We can never boast of our National Gallery while we have no place for drawings, or for prints, except in portfolios at the British Museum, and while we are absolutely without any sculpture gallery, except the saloons where art and archaeology are commingled.

But our present concern is with Soho Square, and we cannot but feel it to be a hopeful sign that this movement has been set on foot. It is a sin to shut up the only clear space in a district so thickly inhabited. How many a child born and brought up in the adjoining streets has no ideas of trees or grass beyond what may be seen in that miserable quadrangle, and no ideas of art beyond the tottering statue of King Charles. An objection has been made that to beautify the Square will draw to it all the wretched inhabitants of the Seven Dials; but if this were a valid objection, which it is not, Seven Dials is no nearer to Soho Square than to Leicester Square, and there we have no complaints. That a place so consecrated to the memories of art as the residence of Lawrence and Wedgwood, of Bach and Abel, of Thornhill and the nascent Academy, should be shorn of the fountain which once embellished its garden, and should be suffered to fall into neglect and decay, is, to say the least, sad; but when there is added to these considerations the further one that among the vast populous regions of this populous city there is none in which a little breathing space is more required for the aged and the young, none in which pale faces more abound, none in which the rays of sunlight more seldom penetrate, it becomes not a sentiment only, but almost a Christian duty, to make some alteration, to let in a sight of the blue sky, and to answer to the changes of the seasons in the world without by a few bright flowers, a few green trees, a little grass, and a splashing of water. Whatever the motives with which such a work may be undertaken, its effects will benefit the masses. The civilizing influence of a little display of taste has been insisted on till the subject is threadbare. But the theory has not often been put into practice. Where anything of the kind has been done the success has been invariable. Poor as Soho appears now, it has claims on the rich. The historical claim is not worth much, as times go. Fortunately there is another. There is hardly a branch of industry which finds a place in London unrepresented here; there is hardly a source of wealth and profit without its example among these busy manufactories; and, on the other hand, there is hardly a form of vice, of squalor, of disease, which does not here take root and grow with far-reaching luxuriance. Any change almost would be an improvement. It is touching to see wan-faced children creeping forlorn round the dingy railings, trying to imagine from those few blades what a green field must be like; or to see feeble invalids carried across from the hospital to sit for awhile in that desolate enclosure.

A few trees and shrubs remain, and should be preserved. The space to be operated upon is not extensive; it must be tenderly dealt with. The statue once stood in the centre of a group with a fountain about its feet. This might well be revived. It would be a pity to take away all memorial of the King whose name was originally given to the Square, and obliterate all traces of the reign of Monmouth's estimable parent.

NORWAY.

AMONG the countries of Europe which are visited by Englishmen one would expect Norway to hold a prominent place. Excepting France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, no country is so near our shores. Moreover Norway possesses nearly all that warms the heart and delights the eye of the traveller. Mountain ranges with summits above eight thousand feet high; fields of snow and glaciers; lower hills, now covered with the brightest of pasturage or endless wood, now craggy and precipitous; magnificent water everywhere, forming fiords, lakes, torrents, and cascades; and an Arctic climate which itself ought to be sufficient attraction—these are some of the natural beauties which Norway offers us. And travelling has also little of the monotony which besets it elsewhere. The obsequious white-choked waiters, and porters magnificent in cap of office and gold chain, come not here. The railway has not yet obliged us to catch the best views in a second of

time, and to change one climate for another before the former was well understood. Yet travelling is neither savage nor difficult for all that. Indeed it has a peculiar charm which is sought in vain in countries of thicker population and plainer surface. Notwithstanding all these recommendations, Norway is not yet a country that one intending tourist out of a hundred ever dreams of. There is indeed a certain select company of salmon-fishers who know Norway well, or at least as much of it as lies near the scenes of their favourite sport, and who live there in rough wooden country-houses on the streams which they hold. But these fishermen are not very numerous. Three of the fortnightly steamers from Hull to Thronthjem, and probably as many to Bergen, suffice to transport them to their Northern home. They are to be found on board Wilson's steamers as regularly as midsummer comes round; and there are among them men who have performed the process every year of the last twenty-one. But these fishermen are a small body, who will never set English society on fire with a desire to see Norway, and in Norway they soon retire to the recesses of their rivers, somewhere far up the country, and are rarely met by travellers on the high roads.

It is true that in Norway, as elsewhere, the chief foreigners who travel are English and American. In the more frequented parts near the capital it may be difficult to escape from the sound of one's native speech. But even in the finest scenery on the western coast and the fjords and valleys there, where travellers in search of the beautiful ought, if anywhere, to be found, it is quite possible to travel ten days or more without seeing either brother or cousin, although the time be spent in so accessible a district as the Sognefjord. It may therefore be useful to some readers (although those who diligently seek for information will find a small library of books about Norway, of very various excellence) to note the leading features of Norwegian scenery and the habits and habitations of the people.

It may be assumed that Norway will be visited in the summer. No one would willingly visit a country stretching so far into the Arctic zone in a season when nothing is to be seen through lack of light. The traveller therefore enjoys a brilliancy of light, a length of day, and an amount of heat far beyond what he was at all prepared for. How many people have expected to need furs and heavy clothing in the Arctic regions, where they really find the intensest heat, because the sun never sets and allows the earth and air to cool down! This climate would of itself be sufficient reward for the troubles of the voyage. There is perhaps no influence so subtle, yet so constraining, as that of climate, sun, and air. And the sensation of the Arctic double day, light perpetual, is something quite new and extraordinary, exciting yet invigorating. It enables one to go to bed at one o'clock and rise again at five, without the least feeling of lassitude. Only very little sleep is required where the life-giving rays never desert us. An approximation to this higher animation may be felt in the Shetlands, where the children may be seen playing on the hillside and in daylight till eleven, and people turn in to bed very late and reluctantly. Yet the extreme north of the Shetlands is only as far north as Bergen, at which place the Arctic voyager feels already, and with intense regret, that the long days have left him, that the nights of the less favoured Southern countries are beginning, and that gas in the streets and candles in the house are not cast-off absurdities. Indeed, as to latitude, Norway may be almost said to begin where Great Britain ends. Christiansand, the extreme southern point of Norway, is in lat. 58°, on the same parallel with the south of Sutherlandshire, about Dunrobin Castle and Lairgs. Thence Norway extends northwards for more than thirteen degrees to beyond 71°, or 4½° beyond the Arctic circle. The entrance into the Arctic region makes a far more sudden and violent change in the summer climate than might have been expected. No experience of the long days in the north of Scotland, or even at Thronthjem (63½°), gives any adequate forecast of the true Arctic night. Near the Arctic circle you may, for about a fortnight at midsummer, see the sun descend below the horizon at ten minutes to twelve, leaving a subdued light, as if he were behind a cloud, and rise again at ten minutes past nearly at the same spot, which of course is north, with enhanced splendour. For the few minutes of the sun's absence a night-chill is perceptible, which is dispelled directly by his rising rays; but so far we have not yet reached the Arctic summer. The next night, if you have been voyaging on meanwhile, you must be a degree or so within the circle, and if the weather is fine and the northern horizon free from high land, you may carefully watch the golden orb (not generally so red as with us) descend towards the horizon, but, when about three times his own diameter from the horizon, after a few minutes of apparent standstill, begin to rise again, moving towards the east. The heat and brilliancy of the sun this night are such that parasols are generally used, till the interest of the few minutes of crisis causes them to be discarded, and that if there be not too much wind, holes may be made in woollen clothes, pipes lighted, &c., by ordinary burning glasses; the sun may be gazed on, though with some pain, by the naked eye. The further north you go the higher is the sun's lowest point, till at Tromsø (69° 40') he is five or six times his diameter above the horizon, and the longer is the period during which he never sets, which is a full month at Hammerfest (70° 40'). The amount of light of course diminishes during the evening, but after half-past ten remains the same, and appears towards midnight rather to increase. It has greater softness than the light of day, and sheds a peculiar warm glow over the sea and rocks, which must be seen to be thoroughly

understood. After midnight it is interesting to watch the evening light change its character; about half-past twelve or rather later it assumes a whiter colour, more like what we know as early morning light an hour after sunrise. The birds fly about, the fishes jump, and animated nature seems to know as little of night as inanimate. On shore, for instance, at Tromsø, people are out walking or standing at their house-doors, enjoying the night as we do the day. Perhaps they retire to sleep at one or two; but sleep seems scarcely a necessity to them, and they are up again early. It deserves to be recorded also that a photographer at Tromsø took successful portraits of a large group of steamboat passengers exactly at midnight of June 27. It need hardly be mentioned that neither within the Arctic circle nor considerably south of it were any stars visible at midsummer, nor till the end of July; and the moon but rarely, and then as pale as at noon in England. Of course this description is true only of bright cloudless nights; there are dull nights there, as there are dull days with us; and many a traveller may steam from Thronthjem to the North Cape without ever seeing the sun at midnight, or being able to read the smallest print all night through his porthole, as the present writer could do shortly after leaving Thronthjem.

The temperature is very different from what is often supposed. It varies to an extraordinary degree with the clearness of the day and with the direction of the wind. A north or north-east wind brings severe cold; yet if it be not very strong, the sun shining free from clouds counteracts it so far as to make every sunny seat very hot. Especially at night and in the early morning is this heat remarkable, because then we expect cold and dew. A south or west wind is of course mild, and would cause great heat but that it generally brings clouds and rain, as on the similarly circumstanced west coast of Scotland. On the land the heat is felt in the Arctic region far more than on the sea. The soil undergoes no cooling process in the night, and is therefore unfreshed by any dew. The hills afford frequent shelter from the wind, and enclose many a spot on which the sun pours his full heat; while on board ship the wind is always present. On this account many of the valleys in the far north have an intolerable and worse than tropical heat, and large tracts are said to be absolutely uninhabitable from the mosquitoes, against which no protection is found to be of the slightest use. The valley of the large river Alten, which is leased to the Duke of Roxburgh for salmon fishing, enjoys an unenviable notoriety for this pest, of which in this region Professor James Forbes writes:—"It appeared to me difficult to imagine that custom could reconcile any one to such a continuous infliction. . . . More paradoxical still it does appear to any one but an angler, that the charms of sport should be sufficient to induce English gentlemen every year to spend their days and nights an unprotected prey to these savage insects; and, most unexpected of all, to find a delicate English lady surrendering herself to her husband's passion for fishing so completely as to become a willing prisoner in this terrible locality." On the sea, however, and in places on the coast like Tromsø, mosquitoes are rarely met with. The west coast of Norway, like that of Scotland, is directly exposed to the rain-bringing winds, the south-west and west. Hence the rainfall is considerable, but more in the southern part (south of the promontory of Stadt, 62° 10') than in the northern. At Bergen the rainfall is actually seventy inches in the year, the rain is heavy and lasting, and about half the days of the year are wet. This of course greatly interferes with the traveller's comfort; but no place is probably so bad as Bergen, which few persons see in fine weather. To the north of Bergen, the country about the Sognefjord, the Romsdal, Thronthjem, and the Arctic region do not appear to be especially rainy; and July, when travelling is most delightful, is fortunately one of the finest months.

Travelling to the far north means, to all except a number of adventurous explorers too small to be worth estimating, taking a place at Thronthjem on one of the Norwegian mail steamers which ply along the coast from Hamburg to Vadsø, the furthest place in Norway, on the Varangerfjord beyond the North Cape, and near the Russian frontier. These steamers ply weekly during the summer; and continue running even throughout the winter, though less frequently, and less rapidly, since navigation through channels so narrow and so beset with rocks is impossible in the dark winter nights. There are also several rival lines for a part of the distance in the summer, proving the existence of a more considerable commerce than an uneducated foreigner would believe possible. There are stations at which these steamers stop, every two or three hours on an average. The vessels are generally large and well appointed for passengers—mostly built on the Tyne or Clyde, but with native officers and crew. Indeed they are so good that one cannot help wishing they would establish a line between Norway and England, which would break up the monopoly at present enjoyed by a single firm. The west coast of Norway is so well guarded on the west by islands, or at any rate by low reefs of rock scarcely visible to the eye, that there is no danger of heavy seas, and scarcely any of sea-sickness to the most sensitive, from Christiansand to Hammerfest. Not unfrequently the vessel steams for hours through straits as narrow as the Sound of Mull. The general and almost constant character of this whole coast is high, craggy, and bare. The rocks attain very generally a height of seven or eight hundred feet; but occasionally, especially near 65°, and northward from thence, form very imposing chains of mountains of three or four thousand feet, to take the lowest estimate. When these are seen covered with dazzling snow far down their sides and in their gullies, wherever snow will rest, they assume the grandeur of Alpine peaks, and

seem much higher than they really are. This was the case this summer, the snowfall having been extraordinarily copious in March and April. The sides of these coast mountains are generally so steep that no soil can be formed and no vegetation cover them. The traveller, therefore, passes along believing it to be a barren, iron-bound district which will support neither vegetation nor animal life. Yet a Norwegian will tell him that immediately behind these bare rocks are well-watered valleys full of forest; and where, as at the Namsenfjord, the vessel turns and sails inland for many hours, he sees the truth of this statement; the hill-sides are clothed with birch, Scotch fir, and Norwegian pines, with alders and willows in the low wet bottoms. The steamboat stations, indeed, generally present a striking contrast to the grand but barren crags. You see the sailors prepared for running into a station, but all seems bare rock in front, with only a few hogs-backs of rocks to be avoided, and no inlet anywhere; suddenly the vessel veers round the most unlikely point of all, and reveals a little land-locked bay, with a few gaily painted wooden houses and warehouses, some slopes of wondrously green grass, a few trees, the never-failing potato, and perhaps a field of oats or turnips. If it be a place of some importance, a road may be there, and a wooden church with a spire, painted brown; and on the quay many barrels of salt fish and piles of stockfish which scent the air.

There are some places of importance north of Throndhjem, which itself deserves to be regarded as the most northern city and centre of civilization in Norway, or indeed in the world, unless Archangel can dispute its claim. The chief are Namsos, Bodø, and Tromsø. Namsos lies at the head of the long Namsenfjord, at the mouth of the Namsen, a large navigable river which flows through a well-peopled district, enjoying a warm summer climate, and possessing corn, grass, and forest. Bodø is at the mouth of the great Saltenfjord, within the Arctic circle ($67^{\circ} 20'$); it is opposite the southernmost of the Lofoten Islands, which occupy more than a quarter of the horizon, and are seen as a long nearly unbroken chain of crags, bare, bold, barren, and of the most fantastic shapes. Their serrated forms have been compared to a shark's long row of teeth; but the shapes are very irregular. From Bodø, which is about sixty miles off, they are seen with the utmost distinctness on a clear day; no land intervenes, and they seem only a few miles off. This year, at the end of June, the whole range of islands was covered from top to bottom with brilliant snow, which gave them an indescribable and ethereal beauty. Some of the peaks are very sharp, like the Matterhorn; many remind one of the Cuchullin hills in Skye; and some present great masses with rounded summits. Some it was impossible to believe less than about five thousand feet high, and they might well be higher. These islands are peopled by a numerous and hardy fishing population, who take chiefly the cod, from the liver of which the oil is extracted. From Bodø another steamer starts after the arrival of the mail, and makes a round among the islands, which must be extremely interesting. Bodø is reckoned a town, and may have about a thousand inhabitants; it is pleasantly situated, with much grass and some corn in the valley, and pleasant though not very high hills in the background and along the coast. On these hills may be found many Alpine or subalpine plants—*androsace*, *saxifrage*, *dryas*, *anemone*, *azalea*, besides the heather and berry-shrubs of our own hills—*bilberry* and the Norwegian *moltebere*, less known to us as the cloudberry. The flora of the Arctic region is apparently richer in species than that of the middle part of Norway; but the latter is so luxuriant, so rich in individual plants, as to give the impression of far greater profusion. The next important place is the town of Tromsø. This is placed on a small island, separated by a narrow channel from a larger island on the east, and thus well protected against wind. There are always many ships to be seen in its harbour, Norwegian, Russian, German, and others. Stacks of dried stockfish are to be seen all about, drying in the sun. Ships are built and repaired here extensively, as indeed is the case more or less in all even quite small coast stations. There are many good shops, one or two quite splendid with plate-glass, and one exhibiting the wonder of the place, the fashionably dressed boy and girl, life-size, which we associate with the name of E. Moses and Son. Behind the town are hills wooded with birch and pine, and having a few pleasant country houses with a good view of the bolder and finer hills of the opposite island. But in June, outside the town, one comes very soon into the snow. The chief pride of Tromsø is, or ought to be, its noble cathedral church. It is built entirely of wood, which has still its first freshness of colour. It is very large, and cruciform. The interior is scrupulously clean, and the railings, &c., are nicely carved. It possesses a noble organ, and the Lutheran hymns sound as finely there as in some of the best churches in Germany. At Tromsø, side by side with this civilization, one meets the first traces of barbarism. Many Lapps live here or in the neighbourhood, and though the missionaries have done wonders among them in education and reformation of manners, they must always be regarded as a lower race. Their capacities, in fact, seem very limited, and they remain a race apart, almost like the Gipsies.

JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE AT OXFORD.

MR. FITZGERALD, in his recent edition of Boswell's Johnson, has reopened a question which, though perhaps of no very great importance in itself, is yet not without its interest. Johnson, as our readers will remember, through want of means was forced to

leave the University before he had completed his residence and taken his degree. Boswell had stated that Johnson had been a member of Pembroke College for little more than three years. No doubt was thrown, so far as we know, on this statement, till Mr. Croker, after an inspection of the College books with the help of Dr. Hall, the Master of Pembroke, maintained that Boswell was altogether wrong, as Johnson had only been an actual member fourteen months. Mr. Fitzgerald, we notice by the way, says that "Mr. Croker was positive that Johnson did not remain more than a year and ten months at Oxford." This error is of the less importance in Mr. Fitzgerald's note as he himself affords his readers the means of correcting it by quoting some six or seven lines further down Mr. Croker's actual statement, that "Johnson was but fourteen months at Oxford." Not even has Mr. Croker—far less has Mr. Fitzgerald—brought together all the facts that bear on this question, though each, without first carefully summing up the case, has ventured to speak with all the authority of a judge from whose decision there was no appeal. We have little confidence in our own power of arriving at a decision one way or the other, and we shall content ourselves with putting before our readers the statements made on each side, the difficulties which have to be overcome, and the facts which we have ourselves at some labour gathered together. Like Mr. Fitzgerald, we must express our obligations to Professor Chandler of Pembroke College, for the assistance he has so kindly rendered us by his searches into the musty old battel books.

Boswell's statement as to Johnson's residence is precise, and Boswell, as we need scarcely say, when he speaks of any matter positively, is very rarely proved to be wrong. He says, "*The res angusta domi* prevented him from having the advantage of a complete academical education. The friend to whom he had trusted for support had deceived him. His debts in College, though not great, were increasing, and his scanty remittances from Lichfield, which had all along been made with great difficulty, could be supplied no longer, his father having fallen into a state of insolvency. Compelled therefore by irresistible necessity, he left the College in autumn 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years." Hawkins's statement, in his *Life of Johnson*, agrees with Boswell's. He says:—"The time of his continuance at Oxford is divisible into two periods, the former whereof commenced on the 31st day of October, 1728, and determined in December 1729, when, as appears by a note in his diary in these words—'1729, Dec. S. J. Oxonio rediit'—he left that place, the reason whereof was a failure of pecuniary supplies from his father; but meeting with another source, the bounty, as it is supposed, of one or more of the members of the Cathedral, he returned, and made up the whole of his residence—about three years." These two statements, though they differ in some points, are almost at one as to the time of Johnson's residence. It might be objected that after all we have the evidence only of one writer, and not of two, as Boswell, whose work was the later of the two, might have merely followed Hawkins. But Boswell not only took a great deal of trouble to test the accuracy of all the statements he made on the authority of others, but in this case also he had independent authority of his own. He had lived in the house of Dr. Adams, the Master of Pembroke, who had been a Fellow when Johnson entered, and who was able therefore to speak with exact knowledge in "that authentic information which he obligingly gave" Boswell. Nevertheless, as we shall presently consider, it is not impossible that Boswell may have been influenced by Hawkins's statement. According, then, both to Hawkins and Boswell, Johnson entered Pembroke in October 1728, and left it in the autumn of 1731. When, however, Dr. Hall consulted the College books, he found that they were very far from agreeing with this statement. On the information he furnished, Mr. Croker maintained that Boswell was altogether wrong both in his statement as to residence and in one or two anecdotes which depend on the duration of his residence. Dr. Hall says:—"He was not quite three years a member of the College, having been entered October 31, 1728, and his name having been finally removed October 8, 1731. It would appear by the temporary suspension of his name, and replacements of it, as if he had contemplated an earlier departure from College, and had been induced to continue on with the hope of returning; this, however, he never did after his absence December 1729, having kept a continuous residence of sixty weeks." Mr. Croker remarks on this:—"It will be observed that Mr. Boswell slurs over the years 1729, '30, and '31, under the general inference that they were all spent at Oxford, but Dr. Hall's accurate statement of dates from the College books proves that Johnson personally left College 12th December, 1729, though his name remained on the books near two years longer." He goes on to add:—"That these two years were not pleasantly or profitably spent may be inferred from the silence of Johnson and all his friends about them. It is due to Pembroke to note particularly their absence, because that institution possesses two scholarships, to one of which Johnson would have been eligible, and probably (considering his claims) elected in 1730, had he been a candidate." We may say, in passing, that these scholarships a few years ago were worth only 10*l.* each, and that there is no likelihood that they were ever of greater value.

Hereupon Mr. Fitzgerald comes on the scene. He, too, has had the College books investigated, and "with the assistance of the Rev. Whitwell Elwin has arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Croker was wrong, and that Boswell, as indeed he always is in points of importance, is right. I found," says Mr. Fitzgerald,

"to my surprise, that 'the authority of the College books,' which sounds impressively enough, resolved itself into no more than certain entries for commons, or 'battles,' in the buttery books; while on the absence of 'charges' against Johnson's name during particular years the whole argument is founded." Mr. Fitzgerald is, we notice, a Master of Arts. If he belongs to either Oxford or Cambridge he ought surely to know that in all cases the proof of residence is established by these entries in the buttery books. The authority of the College books not only sounds impressively, but is impressive—impressive, that is to say, on any mind that is capable of understanding a fact, and receiving from it an impression. From December 12, 1729, till October 1, 1731, the charges against Johnson amount to scarcely six shillings in all. It is certainly worth noticing that these charges are somewhat scattered, and that his name disappears from the College books more than once, to reappear a few weeks further on. Of Mr. Fitzgerald's inaccuracy we have here again to complain. He states as a matter of importance—for on it he founds an argument—that Johnson's name disappears wholly in January 1730. And yet a few lines above he had quoted an entry for January 30th of that year, while in the College books there is, we learn, also an entry for January 2nd. It is hardly worth while to follow the reasoning of one who is so careless in stating his facts. We shall pass from him to Mr. Whitwell Elwin, whose authority on a matter connected with the early part of last century is deserving of respect. Mr. Elwin agrees with Hawkins in his statement that in December 1729 Johnson would have had to leave College had he not obtained assistance from outside his family. He does not agree with him as to the source whence that assistance came. "It must, I think, have been the gift of the College," he says, "or it would have been charged to Johnson, whatever might have been the quarter from which he derived the money to pay the bill. If we may guess the course of events from the materials we possess, I should say that Johnson, just before the Christmas vacation, informed the tutor of his inability to remain at College; that it was then settled that he should return home and consult with his father; and that in the two or three weeks which elapsed before he set out his ordinary 'battles' were supplied gratis. The result, we may presume, of his Lichfield visit was an announcement to the tutor that he could not raise funds to complete his residence, and the result of the announcement that the College, in consideration of his great learning and abilities, resolved that he should have his 'battles' free."

We have now put before our readers the original statement of Boswell and Hawkins, the facts brought forward by Mr. Croker to upset it, and the assumptions made by Mr. Elwin to support it. Boswell and Hawkins are very positive, but no less positive with their silent record are the old College books. Had we had no other facts to go by, we should have been inclined to assume that Boswell had learnt from Dr. Adams that Johnson had had his name three years on the books, and perhaps, not aware how often it has happened that residence has ceased long before a name is removed, having Hawkins's statement moreover to follow, had jumped at the not unnatural conclusion that he had resided as long as he was a member of the College. But there are other facts which we will set forth as briefly as we can. Boswell states, "I have from the information of Dr. Taylor a very strong instance of that rigid honesty which he (Johnson) ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained his father's consent to be entered of Pembroke, that he might be with his schoolfellow Johnson, with whom he was very intimate. This would have been a great comfort to Johnson. But he fairly told Taylor that he could not in conscience suffer him to enter where he knew he could not have an able tutor." Taylor went to Christ Church, and, as Boswell goes on to say, it was in going to get his friend's notes at second-hand that Johnson saw that his poverty was noticed by the Christ Church men. It is not quite clear from Boswell whether this latter part of the story rests on the authority of Taylor. If it does, then the question is decided, for on Taylor's evidence we may rely, and Taylor did not enter Christ Church till June 27, 1730. If Johnson then was in residence at the same time with him, he clearly did not leave in 1729. This seems indeed, at first sight, to follow from that part of the story which, as we are expressly told, rests on the information of Dr. Taylor. But we must remember that Taylor might have had his name entered some months before he came into residence, and that after his name was entered Johnson might have left. Nevertheless the whole story is very strong evidence that Johnson was in residence in the latter half of the year 1730. Mr. Croker remarks on it, "Circumstantially as this story is told, there is good reason for disbelieving it. Taylor was admitted commoner of Christ Church, June 27, 1730; but it will be seen that Johnson left Oxford six months before."

Next to Dr. Taylor's evidence comes that which Dr. Adams can be made to furnish. He, as Boswell says, "has generally had the reputation of being Johnson's tutor. The fact however is, that in 1731 Mr. Jorden quitted the College, and his pupils were transferred to Dr. Adams; so that, had Johnson returned, Dr. Adams would have been his tutor." Boswell goes on to say, "Dr. Adams paid Johnson this high compliment. He said to me at Oxford in 1776, 'I was his nominal tutor, but he was above my mark.' When I repeated it to Johnson, his eyes flashed with grateful satisfaction, and he exclaimed, 'That was liberal and noble.'" Mr. Croker has the following note on this passage:—"If Adams called himself his nominal tutor only because the pupil was above his mark, the expression would be liberal and noble; but if he was his nominal tutor only because he would have been

his tutor if Johnson had returned, the case is different, and Boswell is, either way, guilty of an inaccuracy." Mr. Fitzgerald pays no attention to Mr. Croker, but broadly says, in speaking of Hawkins's statement about Johnson's three years' residence, "Nothing can be more explicit, or more consistent with Boswell's narrative, and with the statement that Dr. Adams was his 'nominal' tutor in 1731." We cannot admit, however, with Mr. Croker that Boswell is, either way, guilty of an inaccuracy. Suppose a brief pause between the two parts of Dr. Adams's statement, and all is explained. "I was his nominal tutor; that is to say, his name was on my lecture lists; but even if he had attended I should still have been his nominal tutor, his tutor only in name, for he was above my mark." Both Mr. Croker and Mr. Fitzgerald should have tried to find out when it was that Adams took Jorden's place. Jorden's Fellowship was filled up, as we have ascertained, on December 23, 1730. It is very improbable that he continued to be tutor after he had vacated his fellowship, and we may fairly assume that his pupils were transferred to Adams in the beginning of 1731. If so, what becomes of the statement that Johnson was resident till the October of that year? We will next consider the evidence to be derived from the case of Mr. Edwards, Johnson's fellow-collegian. Johnson, in his diary for 1778, says, "In my return from church I was accosted by Edwards, an old fellow-collegian, who had not seen me since 1729." Mr. Croker, first noting that Edwards entered Pembroke in June 1729, says, "This deliberate assertion of Johnson, that he had not seen Edwards since 1729, is a confirmation of the opinion derived by Dr. Hall from the dates in the College books, that Johnson did not return to Pembroke after Christmas 1729—an important fact in his early history." Mr. Fitzgerald, finding we suppose no means of meeting Mr. Croker's argument, passes it over in silence. It did not occur to Mr. Croker that it might have been Edwards, and not Johnson, who left Pembroke early. We have ascertained that Edwards's name occurs for the last time on April 24, 1730, but, to judge from the amount of his battles, it would seem likely that he did not reside after April 10. To a man used to Old Style, as Johnson was, April 10, 1730, is so near to 1729 that at the distance of nearly fifty years Johnson may easily have been wrong by a week or two. Edwards's case, therefore, seems to us to prove nothing.

Boswell, in giving an account of Johnson's health, says that "while he was at Lichfield in the College vacation of 1729 he felt himself overwhelmed with a terrible hypochondria." Now the College books show—if battles can be trusted—that Johnson was absent only one week in the long vacation of 1729. Boswell may have meant the Christmas vacation, which, according to the Old Style, would have all fallen in 1729. It was in a vacation, however, that Johnson had this long illness, and he enjoyed, as it seemed, no vacation (except one of a week's duration) till the end of 1729 and the beginning of 1730 (N. S.) If Boswell then is correct in his statement that it was in a vacation that he was attacked, it would follow that Johnson returned to College in 1730. As an argument on the other side we may set the statement, which Boswell mentions merely to refute, that Johnson had been "assistant to the famous Anthony Blackwall." Boswell says this cannot have been the case, "for Mr. Blackwall died on the 8th of April, 1730, more than a year before Johnson left the University." The statement, however, may be taken in evidence for what it is worth, that Johnson did leave at the end of 1729.

In the Caution Book of Pembroke College occur the two following entries, which we are, we believe, the first to publish:—

Oct. 31, 1728.
Recd. then of Mr. Samuel Johnson Comr. of Pem: Coll: ye sum of seven Pounds for his Caution, which is to Remain in ye Hands of ye Bursars till ye said Mr. Johnson shall depart ye said College leaving ye same fully discharg'd.

Recd. by me
JOHN RATCLIFF, Bursar.

March 26, 1740.—At a convention of the Master and Fellows to settle the account of the Caution it Appear'd that the Persons Accounts underwritten stood thus at their leaving the College.

Caution not Repay'd.	Battles not Discharg'd.
Mr. Johnson. 7 0 0	Mr. Johnson. 7 0 0

It scarcely seems probable that the College authorities, if they resolved, as Mr. Elwin guesses, to give Johnson his battles free, should have retained till the year 1740 his caution money in their hands. If they were generous enough to support him without payment, they would, we should think, have been generous enough to return him the money which they had received from him as security. For why should security for payment be required from those who are free from the payment itself?

We will now, as briefly as we can, enter upon one head of evidence which, so far as we know, has not been touched on. Johnson, Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Elwin say, was at Pembroke in 1730. Can they show that among his fellow-collegians there were any who entered so late as that year? We have somewhat carefully gathered together the names of all his fellow-collegians whom he mentions, and, with one remarkable exception, we have ascertained that all of them entered before 1730. It is possible, however, that some name has escaped our notice. Adams, as we have shown, was already a Fellow when Johnson entered. Meeke, whose superiority he could not bear, and from whom, to quote his own words, "I tried to sit as far as I could that I might not hear him construe," matriculated in 1725; Edwards, as we have shown, in 1729. Phil. Jones and Fludyer, with whom he used to play at draughts—the one of whom loved beer and did not get very forward

in the Church, while the other turned out a scoundrel and a Whig—were about of Johnson's standing. Jones, indeed, must have been his senior. To this fact, for such we believe it to be, that Johnson mentions no Pembroke man who entered after 1729, there is the one exception of the celebrated preacher George Whitfield. He is twice mentioned in Boswell as having been Johnson's fellow-collegian. In Boswell's account of October 12th, 1779, on the passage beginning "Of his fellow-collegian the celebrated Mr. George Whitfield," &c., Mr. Croker quotes this note of Dr. Hall's:—"George Whitfield did not enter at Pembroke College before November 1732, more than twelve months after Johnson's name was off the books; so that, strictly speaking, they were not fellow-collegians, though they were both of the same College." But in Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* we find the following passage under the date of August 15th:—"We talked of Whitfield. He said he was at the same College with him, and knew him before he began to be better than other people (smiling)." Now Johnson read this journal in manuscript, and, as Boswell on one occasion tells us, corrected any mistakes he had made. Yet it is quite certain that Johnson, even if he was at College in 1731, most certainly was not there in 1732. Not only have we Boswell's statement and the authority of the College book, but we have the evidence of a letter he wrote from Lichfield on October 30, 1731, and two entries in his diary for 1732. If he had known Whitfield he would have known Shenstone, for Shenstone entered Pembroke six months before Whitfield; but, so far as we know, there is no evidence that they were ever acquainted. We cannot pretend to reconcile Boswell's statement—and for the matter of that Johnson's, seeing that he revised the manuscript—with the facts of the case. We are told, indeed, that a year or two after he left Oxford he borrowed a book from the library of Pembroke College. It would not have been impossible, or even improbable, that a man who, like Johnson, frequently walked from Lichfield to Birmingham and back would have trudged all the way to Oxford to fetch the book. In that case he might have seen Whitfield. But Boswell tells us that "the first time of his being at Oxford after quitting the University" was in 1754.

The evidence then, as those who have had patience to follow us will have seen, is strong on both sides, and in one part at least full of perplexity. It is not impossible that a further search into the College books might clear up the mystery. Whitfield, as we read in his *Life*, entered as servitor and managed so nearly to pay his way that, as he says, "for almost the first three years I did not put all my relations together to above 24*l.* expense." We should be curious to learn whether his battels were kept like a commoner's, or whether he had his food free of charge. It is almost impossible to suppose that Johnson could have consented to accept a servitor's post, and yet the supposition is scarcely less violent than the one to which Mr. Elwin resorts. He indeed is bound to show, in support of his hypothesis, at least one other instance at the University of free commons. At Pembroke College at all events we are informed that there are not, and it is believed never have been, free commons. Even if a man had free commons, nevertheless as a matter of account and as a proof of residence we should have expected that his battels would have been kept in the usual way. It is not impossible, however, that a servitor lived on the food that was left over from the table of "the gentlemen," to quote Whitfield's own expression. Hawkins, we would notice, mentions a change as having come over Johnson in his treatment of the servitors. In the first part of his residence he used "to join with other of the young men in the College in hunting, as they called it, the servitors." But this was only for a time, for "he could not," we read, "at this early period of his life divest himself of an opinion that poverty was disgraceful; and was very severe in his censures of that economy in both our Universities which exacted at meals the attendance of poor scholars under the several denominations of servitors in the one and sizars in the other; he thought that the scholar's, like the Christian's, life levelled all distinctions of rank and worldly pre-eminence." Can it be the case that some change in Johnson's circumstances, some difference in the position he held at College, taught him what forbearance "worth" should meet with when it is "by poverty depressed"?

COLOPHONS.

IT is perhaps strange that the great Gothic revival made so little mark upon title-pages. Pugin's admiration for the thirteenth century does not seem to have tempted him to do without these modern inventions. His own titles were of the most modern type. In one, if we recollect aright, he used the picture of a door at Westminster Abbey to put the name upon. The fact is, he had no ancient example to follow. We only find title-pages struggling into existence about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Mr. Ruskin, too, might have been expected to advocate their abolition. His difficulties in making them must surely be very great. We are not certain that he has never denounced them—not his own, but other people's—as lying abominations. But he has gone no further, though it is manifest that the sale of several of his works would be improved if they could be identified merely as Mr. Ruskin's last book, or the last but one. No working-man, however noble, has yet, we feel assured, asked in a shop for *For's Clavigera*; just as no young lady, if she has not graduated at Girton, will ask for *Horæ Subsecivæ*, though Rab and his Friends are so popular. Why Dr. Brown should have been rash enough to follow

Mr. Ruskin in this particular we cannot say. Two remarkable books, at least, might benefit by the abolition of title-pages, and the reason given by the late John Stuart Mill for not studying music points to a further advantage. Mr. Mill found out that at some future period all possible combinations of sound will have been used up. Already a good title has to be backed up by an injunction in Chancery. By a good title must be meant one which has an attractive power upon readers and buyers, for few modern books have titles of any better kind. Titles, in fact, and the books for which they stand, are gradually, as it were, drifting away from each other, and eventually a day may come when a book and its name will have no more necessary connexion than an earl and the county which gives him his designation. Let any one who doubts it look at the amount of information Bishop Butler contrived to cram into the not very long title of his *Analogy*, and compare it with that of any recent work on a similar subject. And this is only one example.

Considering, however, the many uses to which title-pages have been put, it is odd they were not invented sooner. A book had always a name as a matter of course. But for all the information which, in modern literature, one expects to find on the first page, the student of old literature looks to the last. Here it is that he seeks for the date, for the author's name, haply for the writer's as well if it be a manuscript, or for the printer's if it be not. How the mediæval student did without title-pages we are not informed. He has not complained. There is nothing on the subject in Richard of Bury. He objects, it is true, to bread and butter, and begs for cleanliness in the readers of his books; but apparently he no more complains of the want of title-pages than of the want of telegrams. As long as books were in rolls the colophon at the end was better than any title at the beginning could be. But when books came to be made up into leaves, it is curious that the regular title-page did not follow immediately as a logical sequence. Its absence must have been a boon to some. For authors, at least, the great modern literary anxiety did not exist. The scribe or the early printer had never to wait in his work while the author thought of a name; nor had the author, on the other hand, the distress of seeing his book called by a name he did not like, chosen by the publisher to catch the popular ear. A modern author was recently heard to designate the second volume he had issued through an eminent contemporary publisher as "the second book of Kings," the name chosen for it not being to his taste. Such searchings of heart were spared to the literary folk of the fifteenth and previous centuries, and the admirers of Caxton must feel a thrill of satisfaction that our English prototypographer died in ignorance of troubles on the score of titles. This fact is not, we fear, as widely known as it ought to be, for not long ago repeated mention was made of Caxton's title-pages in a sermon for the Printers' Pension Fund. In what Ames or Oldys might have termed pre-titular ages, the naming of a book was a simple matter. The scribe took a penful of red ink and put at the end, Here ends So-and-So on Such a subject, or words to that effect. If the job he had accomplished was one which had given him much trouble, or of which he had cause to be proud, he added a line of thanksgiving, and perhaps a note of admiration at his own skill. This forms the colophon, together sometimes with the date either of the writing of the copy or of the original composition of the book. To distinguish which of the two is intended often puzzles the student. Many a book is catalogued as of the thirteenth century which was written in the fifteenth, because the colophon belongs to the author, not to the transcriber. It is a profound problem, into which we have no present intention of entering, whether the dates in some of Caxton's colophons refer to the authorship or the printing. Upon the right reading turns the question whether he is not the first French as well as the first English printer. But in manuscripts such a difficulty seldom occurs. Thus the colophon of a Bible of the thirteenth century is a very typical example of simplicity, and of a certain sense of self-satisfaction:—

Quis scripsit scribat, Virgilius spe domino vivat;

the jingling verse alone preserves his name for us, but, as he was able to put thirteen lines of writing into the space of an inch, he deserves to be remembered. Nor were the early printers more averse to displaying their powers. It may be questioned how far the value of a modern book would be increased by the addition of a few lines composed by the printer. But the first Bible printed at Rome shows in the colophon what Sweynheim and Pannartz thought of their art, and what of themselves. Their self-praise is somewhat chastened by the bashfulness of strangers in a strange land. Great and useful as was their craft, it came from beyond the Alps, and their very names were uncouth and displeasing to the Italian ear:—

Aspera ridebis cognomina Teutona; forsân
Mitiget ars musis inscia verba virum;

a couplet which old Henley, in his translation of Montfaucon, renders quaintly enough:—

Rough German names perhaps may cause your smiles,
But these will grow familiar by their toils.

Doggrell of a still more simple type illustrated the first French colophons:—

Limprimeur est Michel le Noir
Qui a Paris a son manoir,

and so on. Prose satisfied the longings for fame of Master Jacobus Dusenensis, who set up a press at Vicenza, where he praises his first edition of Claudian, "quæ non minus eleganter quam diligenter

impressit." But colophons reached probably their highest development in our own country shortly before they disappeared finally from the scene. The Martin Mar-prelate controversy marks their culminating point. One of these strange tracts professes, hypothetically, "If my breath be so hote that I burne my mouth suppose I was printed by Pepper Allie."

Remembering the importance of colophons, both before and after the invention of printing, it is curious to remark how often mistakes occur in them. By all ordinary rules they should have given place to titles as soon as rolls became obsolete; but, if the information they convey could always be considered trustworthy, they would be of incalculable advantage to the modern student of a difficult branch of history. One of the earliest accounts we have of the invention of printing is given in the colophon of a book printed by John Schoyffer in 1515. If we could only be sure he is speaking the truth, the information he gives would be much more valuable. Unfortunately it will not tally with internal evidence. The differences are happily of little moment; but it must remain for the present a question whether the Germans are better justified in erecting a statue to Gutenberg than the Dutch were in setting up Coster at Haarlem. But this is dangerous ground to tread upon; the discoverer of the Haarlem imposition had to fly from Holland and to take refuge in Prussia. Should he now divulge anything indiscreet about Gutenberg, we may perhaps have occasion to welcome him in England. But here, too, we have had our controversies, if they were scarcely so severe as those in which Dr. Van der Linde has been engaged. The whole subject of the liberty of the press was, however, concerned in the question of the date of a St. Jerome printed at Oxford. Since bibliography has become more of an exact science than it was in the days of Sir Roger L'Estrange, the date 1468 in the colophon of that little volume has been proved to be a printer's error, an *x* having been omitted, and the real year of the book's appearance must be postponed at least to 1478; while Caxton's supremacy as the first printer in England, which for a time seemed in danger, must be upheld. Some very elaborate treatises have been written on the subject, and a few bibliographers still perhaps survive who are not convinced of the settlement of the claims of Rood and Corsellis. Caxton himself sinned in the same way in one of his colophons, that to his edition of Gower. Fortunately he gives as well the regnal year as the date, and we are relieved from the difficulty of having to account for his printing a book some time after his own death. But with respect to Caxton in particular, his pupil Wynkyn de Worde has caused the greatest confusion by an untrustworthy colophon. In his *Glanville De Proprietatibus Rerum* he asserts that Caxton has also printed an edition. "Of your charyte call to remembrance the soule of William Caxton, first prynter of this booke in laten tong at Coleyn." Mr. Blades, after infinite trouble and research, has come to the conclusion that Caxton never printed a *Glanville*, and never printed at Cologne; but many biographers and bibliographers have been sorely puzzled by Wynkyn's mistaken assertion.

So far we have spoken only of colophons as occurring in printed books or manuscripts. But the existence of manuscript colophons in printed books is a matter of some importance. The difficulty of assigning an exact date to the invention of printing is lessened to some extent by the discovery of a manuscript note or colophon at the end of a copy of the celebrated Mazarine Bible in the French National Library. It is written by Henry Cramer, a scribe or illuminator, whose duty it was to rubricate the book—that is, not only to rule it with red lines and to put in certain notes and headings, but also to paint the capital letters on every page. And Henry Cramer unconsciously conferred a favour on posterity when he added to his own name the date of August 1456. His name is not of much importance. Miniators and illuminators were numerous in those days. In Italy and in Flanders they formed whole guilds and schools. But the date, supposing it to be correct, is of the utmost importance, if for nothing else, because it allows of Gutenberg's connexion with this first effort of the printing press; for the book must have been printed at least a few months before, and if, as is usually believed, Gutenberg and Fust, the prototype of Dr. Faustus, quarrelled and separated as early as 1455, there is no reason against the tradition which connects his name with this first great enterprise of the printing press.

Of all the nuts offered by colophons, none is harder than that presented by the existence of the word colophon itself as a technical term in the history of the art of printing. Why the final sentence of a book should be called after a town in Asia Minor nobody seems able to say. It is true that the town or city in question is one of those seven which claimed Homer when dead, and that, as he may have begged through it in his lifetime, it has a possible connexion with the dawnings of literature. This is a question for the classical dictionary. But the use of the name for the closing sentence of a book cannot be of any great antiquity. A jest of Erasmus may have given rise to it. He refers to a passage in Strabo in which the virtues of the Colophonian cavalry in deciding the fate of a battle are mentioned, and an old Greek proverb is quoted. According to others, the people of Colophon had a casting vote in the Ionian diet; but both these explanations have an air of having been invented to account for the proverb. The Parthian tactics employed in many colophons would have suggested a different, but still classical, name. But unless it be traced to Erasmus, the word in its modern sense can have no great antiquity. It does not occur in Johnson's Dictionary, and it would have been interesting to know what he thought of it. It is, however, very useful, and we may accept it for better, for worse,

though to account for its existence is as difficult as to account for the parallel derivation of California from Califony or Colophony, an old English name for the resin which was a chief ingredient in the composition of Greek fire.

ENGLISH RUFFIANISM.

THE worship of the working-man as the incarnation of everything that is beautiful and good is just now being carried on under peculiar difficulties. His votaries have been in the habit of assuring us that the mere circumstance of being engaged in manual labour at weekly or daily wages is sufficient to ensure the highest moral perfection as well as the most unerring political sagacity. We have been asked to believe that all the virtues are concentrated in the British working-man, and that the most intricate problems of statesmanship can be solved offhand by his natural and unsophisticated intelligence. Unfortunately the accounts of the behaviour of the labouring population in different parts of the country which are constantly appearing in the newspapers scarcely correspond to this ideal picture. Every day the same horrible and sickening story of savage and almost insane brutality is repeated with melancholy regularity. We cannot attempt to reproduce the mass of revolting details which is daily accumulating, but a few recent cases will perhaps be enough. At Hanley two men were fighting, and one tried to bite the other's nose; a bystander interposed, and one of the combatants bit off a large piece of his ear and swallowed it. At Birmingham a police-constable interfered to protect a woman from some roughs, and the whole gang at once fell upon him, knocked him down, and kicked him till he became insensible. In the same town a policeman was stabbed; a landlord was nearly murdered by a tenant of loose character; a journeyman baker felled a woman with whom he lived with the kitchen-poker, and then beat her head with it, at the same time kicking her violently, so that she is not expected to recover; in short, not a day passes without bad cases of stabbing, stoning, beating, or kicking. At Preston, Barnsley, Stalybridge, and other places in the North, similar brutalities appear to be of continual occurrence, all so much the same in their disgusting incidents that it is scarcely possible to distinguish one from another. The *Manchester Guardian* has been at the pains to compile a list of the feats included in a month's kicking. Here are some of the most notable exploits. Some workmen at Oldham get into a wrangle with an old man in a public-house, and one of them strikes him. Somebody remonstrates and says it is a shame, and for this he is kicked to death with clogs. This was the second murder of this kind within a short period, and a third followed immediately afterwards, a man who had rebuked some disorderly fellows in a public-house being knocked down by one of them, while another kicked him in the scientific manner which is locally known as the "running punce." Six colliers at St. Helen's went about smashing windows and doors in a drunken frolic, and at length broke into a house occupied by an old man of eighty and his wife. They thrashed and kicked the woman, knocked out one of the old man's eyes, filled the bleeding socket with lime, stuffed lime down his throat, and finally emptied the rest of the bucket over his head. At Liverpool a sober, peaceable man, walking home with his wife, met a party of roughs one of whom asked for a sixpence. On his suggesting that the best way to get money was to work for it, he was knocked down and kicked to death, three men taking part in the outrage. This is said to be "only one example of the system of street terrorism in Liverpool." A day or two since a corner-man or loafer, who, it is explained, "stands at the corners of streets insulting the passers-by," was so infuriated by the mere sight of a policeman taking somebody to the station-house, that, though the captive was altogether a stranger to him, he seized the constable by the throat and dashed his head against the wall. At Blackburn within a day or two we find a blacksmith attempting to give two policemen what he playfully called "a bit of Liverpool," which means, it seems, stabbing and kicking them. At Dukinfield a man put on his clogs and danced in them on a woman's head. At Bury three men attacked another man without the slightest provocation and nearly killed him with kicking. In another instance a labourer kicked a man to death without assistance. Kicking in the mouth with a clog so as to drive the victim's teeth down his throat is a familiar practice, and is called "purring." At Preston a man kicked and jumped upon a little boy six years old. At St. Helen's three colliers set upon an old man who would not let them drink in his house late at night after the public-houses were closed, and beat him so severely that he died. On Wednesday there were three cases of kicking wives with clogs before the Salford magistrates. At Preston a man broke his paramour's jaw and then flung her out of the window.

It will be observed that these are not mere sporadic cases, nor are they confined to a single district. On the contrary, it would appear that the labouring population generally in the midland and Northern districts is suffering from a sort of epidemic of ferocity and violence. At the slightest word, and often indeed without a word or any provocation whatever, the roughs take to biting and kicking; and anybody who knows what an iron-tipped clog is will understand the sort of wounds which it is capable of inflicting. A knife is also usually carried in order to vary the sport. Perhaps the worst circumstance about these outrages is the cowardice which is almost invariably displayed. The favourite victim is an old man, a woman, or a child, and two

or more ruffians generally join in the attack. The roughs appear to be by no means anxious to encounter each other, and prefer to exercise their brutality on some inoffensive and helpless person. In reading of these continual outbreaks of savage passion and cruelty, we seem to be taken into the company of wild beasts. It is impossible to disguise the fact that the progress which has been made in education and the outward forms of civilization has left quite untouched the residuum of primitive barbarism at the bottom of society. It is significant that this outbreak of ruffianism has taken place chiefly in the iron and coal districts, where working-men have for some time been enjoying better wages and reduced hours of labour. The consequence is that they have had more money to spend in drink and more time for murdering their wives with clogs and pokers. Nothing could be more unjust than to fasten upon the working classes as a body the vices and crimes which belong only to a section of them; but at the same time there is no getting rid of such painful and disgraceful facts as are continually being brought out in the police and other criminal courts; and it is undeniable in the face of this evidence that there is a deeply-rooted spirit of brutality among the lower classes of the population. It is only the worst cases which come before the magistrates and get into the papers, but behind these lies a vast amount of obscure ferocity and violence, which cannot fail to have the most baneful effect on those who are exposed to its influence. There is no other country in the world with any pretensions to civilization where such scenes are enacted as are daily reported from Liverpool, Oldham, Preston, Birmingham, Dudley, Hanley, and similar places. The American bowie-knife and revolver and the Italian stiletto are bad enough in their way, and yet they are less horrible than the stolid, systematic, everyday kicking to death which appears to be kept up all the year round in Lancashire and the Black Country. It is obvious that these atrocities are not only a national disgrace, but a grave social danger which cannot with impunity be left unchecked. There is nothing which has such a tendency to develop and spread as this spirit of reckless violence and lawlessness; and there can be no question that its present prevalence is due in a great degree to its having been so long allowed to take its own course without any serious attempt having been made to repress it. There has evidently been either a discreditable timidity or an irrational tenderness on the part of magistrates in dealing with offences of this character. Unfortunately, too, the tone of some of our public men in recent years has afforded a dangerous encouragement to defiance of law and order. The other day a balloon which was advertised to go up at Northampton did not go up for want of gas, and the spectators thought themselves at liberty to tear the balloon to tatters, which after all was only an imitation of the sort of tactics for which Mr. Beales was made a judge. The immoral and demoralizing flattery which has been bestowed on the working classes may also be supposed to have had its effect, and it can hardly be wondered at if a section of the most ignorant and brutal part of the population has arrived at the conclusion that law-makers and magistrates are alike rather afraid of it, and that it can indulge its ruffianly instincts with impunity.

It is quite clear that this state of things cannot be allowed to continue, and that it is to be met only by stringent measures. The maximum punishment which a magistrate is entitled to inflict on a man for assaulting his wife is six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and this is obviously a very inadequate punishment for what is really attempted murder. The brute who knocks his wife down with a poker, and then dances upon her with iron-shod clogs, is perfectly aware that the injuries he is inflicting may result in death, but he is bent upon gratifying his wild-beast temper, and is indifferent to the consequences. The usual argument for leniency in such cases is that it is impossible to punish the man without at the same time punishing his wife and family, who are dependent on him for subsistence, and who will be left to starve while he is in prison. It is also said that, if the man is hardly dealt with, he will take his revenge on the woman when he comes out of gaol. There is no doubt some truth in this line of reasoning, but it is obvious that it unduly narrows the question, for the rough does not exclusively confine his attentions to his wife. It is necessary that this sort of brutality should be put down, not merely for the sake of those who actually suffer from it, but for the sake of those who may suffer from it, and in the interest of the community generally. The principle to start from is that the punishment of such offences should be such as to deter people from committing them, and it is perfectly evident that the present scale of punishments does not produce this deterring effect. Experience has shown the extremely salutary influence of flogging in checking a kindred class of crimes—robbery with violence; and there can be very little doubt that the rough who beats his wife and attacks inoffensive persons in the streets is likely to be very much daunted by the prospect of the lash. There is no reason why attempts at murder should not be punished by hanging, except that it is desirable to give the assailant an inducement not quite to kill his victim; but, short of hanging, the punishment should be made as severe as possible. Imprisonment by itself is clearly ineffectual, and though education may in the long run produce a favourable effect, the process will necessarily be slow, and something must be done in the meantime to repress the shocking outrages which are continually occurring. There can be very little doubt that what is wanted is a periodical flogging—say, once a fortnight—in addition to imprisonment and hard labour.

FARMERS AND ARTISANS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

TO the political student an inquiry into the social condition of Massachusetts has many strong attractions. The State was one of the first settled upon the American continent, and society consequently has there had time to develop some at least of the tendencies which are inherent in the new conditions under which it has been placed. Moreover, the State was settled by God-fearing, earnest, industrious men and women, who desired to make the most of this world while preparing for the next, and whose characters afforded security for both order and stability. These people brought with them strong and decided views in politics as well as religion. They had left their own country chiefly to escape the tyranny of king and priest, and in their new homes they were allowed full liberty to work out their ideas. Under the Commonwealth the rulers of England were kindred spirits, and after the Restoration the Government cared little to meddle with the obscure sectaries of New England. Further, the peculiar notions of the settlers led early to the general establishment of common schools, and thus Massachusetts gained a long start of European countries in respect to popular instruction. Again, although the power of England ensured her colonists against foreign conquest, the presence of Indians and of Dutch and French settlers in their neighbourhood for a long time rendered military discipline and the use of arms compulsory; while the absence of all cause for apprehension from abroad for nearly a century now has allowed wealth to accumulate, and thus has given rise to a very considerable and very varied industry. The port of Boston is one of the most important in the Union, while the textile manufactures of Massachusetts are superior to those of any other State. For these and other reasons which might be mentioned, it would be impossible to select a more favourable field for testing that peculiar form of the democratic experiment which is being worked out in the United States. The only adverse circumstance indeed that can plausibly be alleged is the physical character of the Commonwealth—its rugged, stony, and infertile soil, and its rude climate, with its long winter and short summer. But the physical character of Scotland is not very different, and Scotland certainly is not the least favourable specimen of a European country. Singularly enough, close as is the communication between the two countries, our ideas regarding the social condition of the United States are extremely vague. Owing partly to the Civil War and partly to the long discussion relative to the *Alabama* Claims, our attention has been directed to their political condition, and the result of our increased knowledge is to be seen in the cessation of the practice, once so freely indulged in by a certain class of politicians, of pointing across the Atlantic for examples in government and legislation. But, in regard to social condition, our knowledge is still strangely defective. As throwing very full light upon this point, we propose to examine at some length the two official reports of Massachusetts State Boards (the Board of Health and the Bureau of Statistics of Labour) which we briefly noticed in a recent number.

In all countries the most influential and most characteristic class is the landed proprietors, and nowhere is this class more important than in the United States, as it is they who in the last resort there determine the policy of the country in all really great matters. In Massachusetts this powerful class comprises 39,766 persons out of a total population of 1,457,351; or, to put the facts in a way that will more clearly convey the importance of the class, it comprises one-eighth of all the persons engaged in any kind of occupation in the State, and one-sixteenth of all the persons over ten years of age. Among ourselves we have obviously no body of men to compare with them. For their like in Europe we should have to go to France or some other Continental nation. We need hardly tell our readers that, as in France, the owners are also cultivators of their lands, with exceptions so few as to be undervaluing of notice. But, unlike the French peasants, the Massachusetts farmers hold land enough to allow of scientific farming. According to the Census of 1870 the average size of farms throughout the State is 103 acres; in our own country, as we learn from the Agricultural Returns for 1873, the average size of farms is only 56 acres. The comparison here instituted would, however, be deceptive without the explanation that the English average represents a mean struck between holdings varying from very large to very small, whereas the Massachusetts average approximates to the usual size, the actual farms neither greatly exceeding nor greatly falling short, though still, of course, there is nothing like uniformity. Another point to be noted is that the Massachusetts farmers are the most American of any class in the State, 92 per cent. of them being native born; the remainder consisting chiefly of Irishmen, the English and German together being only about one-fourth of the Irish. Lastly, the presence of flourishing industries in the State and the neighbourhood of large towns afford a ready and easily accessible market for the produce of the farm. It would seem, then, that the lot of this territorial democracy, to use Mr. Disraeli's phrase, ought to be as happy as any the world can show. As a matter of fact, however, it appears to be far otherwise. The State Board of Health last year addressed inquiries to a number of medical men practising in the agricultural districts with reference to the health of the farmers and the causes affecting it, and it also obtained information from non-professional persons likely to be acquainted with the subject. The result of this investigation is included as a separate paper in one of the Reports of the Board, and the impression left by its perusal upon our minds is that the farmers are not prosperous, their homes not happy, and their families

not contented. As was to have been expected, there is a wide divergence of opinion on these points among the correspondents of the Board. One, a politician writing from Concord, Mr. Emerson's native town, speaks of a farmers' club whose members are capable of writing essays worthy of publication, and who enjoy all the comforts of life. On the other hand, a clergyman declares that farming does not pay, and the doctors generally paint the farmer's life in anything but rosy colours. Some describe him as too lazy to hurt himself by work, others as too stupid to be fit for anything else, and some as too anxious and worried to be either healthy or happy. But the majority declare him to be overworked, and very many add that he is underfed. The author of the Report ventures no further than to say that the farmers of Massachusetts are more prosperous than those of the Western States. But, as the Western farmers are just now in combination against the railways on the ground that they are sinking irretrievably into debt through the high fares charged for the carriage of goods, that is evidently not saying very much.

Leaving opinions and coming to facts, we find from the Census that the number of farmers in the State decreased nearly one-ninth between 1860 and 1870, while the population of the towns increased 100 per cent., and it is admitted by the Health Report that the children of the farmers escape to the cities at the earliest opportunity. For example, one doctor writes:—"I think the longevity of farmers' families below the medium. The children, as a rule, are expected to work beyond their strength, the exposure they are subjected to sows the seed of future disease, and unfits them for the change of habits and of life generally that many young people make when they leave the homestead for new work, as the majority of them are inclined to do as soon as they are at liberty." Partly from poverty and partly from thrift, the farmers are reluctant to engage sufficient labour, and consequently overwork themselves and their children. But it is the wives of the farmers whose lot appears to be by far the hardest. Thus we read:—"Farmers' wives work too hard for health. Help is scarce, and the mother, with her household cares, want of sufficient sleep (especially when she has small children), and her responsibility as the lady of the house, bears too heavy a burden." Again:—"Wives, especially during pregnancy and lactation, suffer very much. They are often worn out by suckling and work at the same time." And again:—"There is a general want of constitutional vigour among the families and children of the New England stock at the present day which is sad to contemplate. It will lead to the extinction of the race here in New England, at no distant day, if not counteracted. In almost seventy-five years of observation, it is to me a marked and mournful fact." Another point much insisted upon by the medical correspondents of the Board is the bad quality of the farmer's food and its equally bad cooking. For instance:—"Improper and badly cooked food, yes. Among the poorer classes, too much vegetable to the exclusion of meat diets; the latter of poor quality." Another writes:—"The bread is generally poor, heavy, and sour, often made with cream-tartar and saleratus or soda." And another:—"Would suggest the abstinence from pork and salt meats, at least in summer, with the use of fresh meat, milk, a variety of vegetables and fruit, and sweet wheaten bread. Above all, a reversal of the usual order of selling the best and keeping the worst for home consumption." Lastly, as to the financial condition of the farmers, the opinion of a recent writer is quoted to the effect that, while the value of land is rapidly rising in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns, on the hills "farms can now be bought for less than the cost of the buildings upon them"; and the following extract from the Report itself will show that, whatever may be the case with some, in a large number of instances the condition of the farmer is not such as to inspire a skilled English workman with envy:—"In many such cases we conceive it to be a duty that the farmer owes to himself and his family to give up the farm and work for wages. A man who has been working a small farm the past year informs me that, with his utmost efforts and the aid of his three boys, he has made just a third of what he earned as wages the previous year, when he worked in a cheese factory. Many a poor and disheartened farmer would, as a farm labourer, be comfortable, healthy, and happy."

We have seen that the cities are growing at the expense of the rural districts. In the first year of the present century towns with 10,000 inhabitants and over contained only 6·8 per cent. of the population of the State; in 1870 they contained 48·7 per cent., or all but one-half. It is evident, then, that the increase of wealth is attended by the same phenomena in New and in Old England, and it becomes of interest to inquire what is the condition of those towns which exercise so irresistible an attraction on the rural population, and what is the reward they offer to labour. On both points the Reports before us supply very full information. With respect to the houses of the working classes we read in the Report of the Bureau of Labour Statistics:—"In the cities and manufacturing towns the herding together of tenants, in large numbers and narrow limits, has become woefully prevalent. In a single building, in the town of W—, 32 feet long, 20 feet wide, three stories high, with attics, there habitually exist 39 people of all ages. For their use there is one pump and one privy, within 20 feet of each other." And the details run on in the manner with which we are all so familiar. From this extract it will be seen that, in the matter of house accommodation at any rate, an English workman betters himself but little by emigrating to the greatest, wealthiest, and most progressive of the New England States. Nor is even his pecuniary condition so much improved as the English

workman himself is apt to believe. It should be remembered that the chief cause of the great progress made by the United States during the past forty years has been the enormous immigration from Europe. Consequently every State is anxious to secure for itself as large a proportion as possible of this immigration. And at the present moment Boston is competing with New York in the offer of accommodation to steamship companies as well as to immigrants. It is certain, therefore, that no American official Board will represent the advantages enjoyed by the labourer as less than they are. Bearing this in mind, the reader will be able to appreciate the following from the Bureau of Labour Statistics:—"While in all, or nearly all, the industries we have given, the *employé* receives here a much larger income than his fellow in Europe, he will find that his rent, clothing, and provisions cost him more; he will find also that he receives or consumes more, lives in a better way, has more of the comforts and luxuries of life, so that at the end of the year, while he has but little more, if any, surplus than the European, and has worked no harder, if so hard, he is more of a man, and occupies a position some grades higher in civilization." Massachusetts is as yet not half peopled; it possesses, as we have said, a very varied industry, and it is within a day or two's journey of a practically exhaustless supply of land, which the settler may have almost for the clearance; yet, even taking the above statement at its best, it merely says that the workman is somewhat better fed and better clothed than the workman in Europe, but at the end of the year is not any richer. This, then, is all that social and political democracy, as understood in America, has yet achieved, with all the opportunities and all the possibilities of a new world before it.

UTOPIA IN THE NEW FOREST.

THIS is the season for the discovery of all sorts of wonderful things, and a correspondent of a Manchester paper who has been exploring the recesses of the New Forest has just come upon something very wonderful indeed. This is no less than a colony of English Communists, who are said to be endeavouring to work out a new social system, founded on the much discredited principles of equality and fraternity. He does not say exactly in what part of the New Forest this interesting community is to be found, but he mentions that it numbers some hundred and thirty souls, and has possession of an estate of thirty-one acres. So that any one who is curious on the subject should have no difficulty in ascertaining whether such a settlement really exists. On this point we have ourselves no opinion to offer; but one or two circumstances are mentioned in the account of the enterprise which invest it at least with a certain air of probability. For instance, the fundamental principle of the society is, we are told, that the members should hold all their property in common, and we can hardly say we are surprised, under the circumstances, to learn that "the preponderating majority" of those who have come forward to take advantage of this theory are "of the poorer, if not the poorest, classes." The Communists live, it appears, on an estate purchased for them by "a lady of wealth and position, who has given up everything—as all of them have—for the common good." The society, besides this lady, includes a Suffolk farmer, who sold off his stock in order to join, a retired London tradesman, and a "well-to-do village shoemaker." For the rest, the traveller did not find among them "any person of substance." The beauty of the system is of course that "poor and rich alike give up all to the community," and it is not difficult to conceive why people who have nothing at all should be particularly anxious to join in a pious sacrifice which, at no cost to themselves, at once gives them a share of what belongs to others. We are told that in Suffolk, in Hampshire, in London, and elsewhere, "there are others of the faith anxious to join the brotherhood, and only waiting till they can be received," and this is just what we should expect. One can readily believe that the "lady of wealth and position" has only to let the scheme be more widely advertised in order to secure—at any rate while her money lasts—a still larger circle of adherents. In this primitive paradise there is "no poverty in the austere sense," and "every comfort and amenity which the most thoughtful tenderness can provide are to be found here." We are afraid that when this is generally known the seclusion of the New Forest will be likely to be somewhat disturbed. The lady who has provided the estate and the chief part of the funds for keeping it going assured her visitor that she now enjoyed "that serenity and peace which she found not in travel or in the social circle"; and no doubt the friends whom she generously supports have also for the time found what they were in want of. At present the colonists "can by no means supply all their wants from the farm." This means, we suppose, that they are living on the original capital of the enterprise, which as their number increases is likely to be more quickly exhausted. To maintain even their present number, as we learn, they need considerably more land, and it will be interesting to know how the land is to be obtained. It is explained that, while the great principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity are in operation in this community, they are "subordinate to another principle—that of obedience." The Mother—that is to say, the "lady of wealth and position"—is supreme, and her government is not the less stringent because it is the "law of love." If it is true that there is "the fullest liberty with the most surprising unanimity," we may admit that the unanimity is indeed surprising. It is obvious, however, that

the liberty is seriously qualified by the Mother's supremacy. To all, we are told, she assigns their respective tasks, with the most judicious care for the tastes and abilities of each; and then we have a repetition of the old rant about each contributing according to his powers, and receiving according to his necessities. If this means anything, it must of course mean that the Mother is to determine, according to her own fancy or caprice, how much work each brother or sister is to do, and what remuneration is to be given in return; or, in other words, that the community has sold itself as a plaything to a rich old lady for the sake of what is to be got out of her.

The correspondent who furnishes this account of the happy family of the New Forest appears to write in good faith, and to have been filled with so much admiration for what he saw that it is a wonder he ever came away. "Here," he exclaims, "are no agitators and no isms; here is no money, no buying, no selling; here are no poor, no rich, none indolent, none overtasked." The explanation of this rhapsodical outbreak is perhaps to be found in a previous remark that these people are "entirely hospitable," and it may be suspected that on this occasion the hospitality was a little overpowering. It is clear at least that there is a mistake about "no money," for, as the community is stated to be incapable of supporting itself out of the farm, it must procure food elsewhere, and hence money is indispensable. It can scarcely be supposed that the brothers and sisters have converted the neighbouring population with whom they have dealings to their peculiar views as to the division of property. The society is said to include a variety of craftsmen. In one shed are tailors and shoemakers, in another carpenters, and "the miller is ready," though "as yet no mill has been erected." The flowers, the sewing, the housekeeping, the washing, and cooking are the concerns of different departments of the sisters. It may readily be believed that the clothes worn by the community are at least "unconventional," all being made or repaired by themselves. Many of the brothers indeed are wearing out the old conventional clothes which they brought with them from the world they have renounced; but it would seem that the sisters are women after all, notwithstanding their effort to get rid of the old Eve in their nature, since the very first thing they have done is to invent a new costume. This dress is, it seems, nearly uniform in pattern, though varying most widely in colour and description of material. It consists simply of a plain bodice, short skirt, and trousers. We should have been glad of a little more light on the subject of trousers, and of their relation to fraternity as a social faith, but we must be content with the general assurance that "none can realize without actual observation the peculiar, yet pleasing and attractive, effect of this dress, worn by nearly every female in the family, whether of early or mature years." Even in this Utopian state of existence it is regarded as quite a secondary matter that the dress "has the merit of convenience in a very considerable degree." As far as the correspondent's observation went, earrings, chignons, and similar vanities were conspicuous by their absence; but a good deal of vanity still lingered about the hair. "The hair is worn variously, with curls or without, but generally loose and flowing behind"; but unless the explorer had a good tug at the flowing tresses, his authority as to the renunciation of false hair is not very conclusive. One of the principal occupations of the society appears to be musical performances. The members are "universally and spontaneously musical," and it is impossible to resist a feeling of alarm lest any branch of this community should be added to the brass-bands and organ-grinders who already exasperate the nerves of people in towns. "Music is the charm of their life in the house or in the field; it is the outlet of their joy on all occasions of meeting." This outlet of joy may be all very well in an out-of-the-way part of the New Forest, but it would be apt in London to suggest a call for the police if carried too far.

Whether or not this community has any actual existence, there can be no doubt that the description which has been given of it fairly represents that maudlin sentimental ideal of a happy state of society which is cherished by many amiable people, who imagine that, if everybody could only manage to live in the country, and grow his own vegetables, out of the way of such sordid arrangements as wages to bargain for and bills to pay, it would be perfectly easy to be pure and innocent and pious. It has become a commonplace to say that delusions of this kind originate in the fallacy that a man's circumstances are something apart from his own human nature, whereas they are simply the product of it, and will continue to reproduce themselves as long as human nature remains what it is. Most educated persons can see the folly of schemes of social reform which leave these considerations out of account, when they are presented in a crude and simple form; yet it is startling to find from time to time when any question of social economy is started how many people, not especially silly, and certainly not uneducated as far as formal education goes, are under the influence of the most childish dreams as to what it is possible to do for the regeneration of mankind by establishing them in an entirely artificial set of circumstances which could not possibly be maintained. It is no doubt very rarely that any number of people are idiotic enough to commit themselves to a practical experiment in this direction at their own personal cost; but the ideas in which such an absurdity as this Communist family in the New Forest took its rise, if it really exists, exercise in a vague, sentimental way more influence on various branches of legislation and charitable effort than is at all creditable to the

intelligence of the age. In this happy family we have simply a violently exaggerated illustration of that indiscriminate and imbecile benevolence on the one hand, and that more excusable mendicancy on the other, which have so frightfully intensified the evils of metropolitan pauperism. There are too many wealthy and well-disposed persons who fancy that they are helping society by substituting alms for wages, and adding to the multitude of those who want to live on what others have earned. The project of a Socialist phalanstery has been often tried, though perhaps never before in this country, and always with the same results. It would be idle to argue against such enterprises as if there were any chance of their being seriously undertaken, except possibly once in a way by a few crazy fanatics; but it would be well if people were equally on their guard against the insidious introduction of similar theories in a disguised and indirect form.

REVIEWS.

LONG'S DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.*

MR. LONG'S fourth volume brought his History down to the point at which Cæsar had to choose between breaking the laws and giving up his proconsulship of the Gauls. This fifth volume ends the work. It brings the story from Cæsar's invasion of Italy in 49 B.C. to his death in 44 B.C. Before Cæsar died the old constitution had been destroyed. Mr. Long gives barely one page to what happened between Cæsar's death and the formal establishment of the Empire. Yet he has, in strictness, performed his task. We venture to think, indeed, that his book would have had a more perfect finish if he had stopped with less abruptness at the funeral of the Dictator. He would perhaps have done even better than he has done—and he has done excellently well—if he could have spared some space to showing, in conclusion, how the strife after Cæsar's death, until Octavianus became Emperor, was waged over constitutional forms already lifeless, merely for the purpose of deciding who should be the inevitable master of Rome. Then, stopping at the literal beginning of the Empire, such a scholar as Mr. Long could well have set aside the fear of rhetoric if he had paused for a moment to glance back over his own work, and to give us a summary review of the process by which the Republic had perished. But it is only the same habit of mind which sets so strong a mark on all his work that holds him back here. We shall have to speak of it again later on; and for the present it is only needful to say that we think it has here led him wrong, because it has hindered him from doing what scarcely any one else could have done so well. The work that he has put into this part of his book, as into the other four parts, is so good of its kind that every one who is capable of appreciating scholarship of a modest and manly sort will respect it.

The years 49–44 B.C. are years of military history. Civil history, properly so called, comes into them hardly at all. Cæsar is the central figure. And he is central as a soldier, not as a statesman. After his wars he was master of Rome for barely a year—from April, 45, to March, 44. What he did in that time was to secure what he had won, and to confirm, as far as he could, order in the State. The "acts of Cæsar" prove a clear, vigorous, and subtle intelligence, sympathetic with the needs of a corrupt and almost disorganized society; intent on bringing method out of confusion; conscious that the time had still left to it that hope which Livy denies to his own—that it could endure its remedies; looking for nothing beyond his own life, for he was remote from everything in which imagination prevailed over prudence; but always bearing in his mind an imperial scheme which, if he had lived, he could have left stronger than even Augustus was able to leave it to the Emperors who spoilt it. Mr. Long is perhaps at his best when he is describing campaigns in detail. He always has the ground clearly before him; he is accurately acquainted with every circumstance which research can ascertain; he is well read in military history, and (what is rarer) in military criticism; and, without professional training, he has a naturally quick eye for the weak or the strong points of a strategy. Moreover, he is free from the trick which some writers have, of condemning a great leader offhand, yet in vague terms, for having done something which the writer does not understand, or for having failed to do something else which he could not have suggested. The five years, 49–44 B.C., fall naturally into two periods. The first, during which the Civil War was a duel, closes with the death of Pompeius in 48 B.C. The second period, during which the Pompeians were crushed successively in Egypt, in Africa, and in Spain, closes with Cæsar's death in 44 B.C. For the first period we have the three books of Cæsar's Civil War, which come down to the beginning of the war of Alexandria, leaving off where Pothinus, governor of Ptolemæus and regent, is caught intriguing with Achilles, and is put to death. There is one great difference between Cæsar's narrative of the Gallic Wars and his narrative of the Civil War; and it is partly because Mr. Long is alive to this difference that we can follow him with confidence when he takes the history of the Civil War for his chief, or rather, in fact, for his sole, authority in the years 49–48.

* *Decline of the Roman Republic*. Vol. V. By George Long. 1874.

Cæsar narrating the Gallic Wars is a military historian. Cæsar narrating the Civil War is something besides; he is a statesman on his defence. The history of the Civil War is not only the journal of a soldier; it is also a political apology. Two places out of many may be noticed in which this character is well marked—the place in the First Book (ch. 4), where he speaks of the violent behaviour of his enemies at Rome (especially Marcus Cato), obviously with the purpose of impressing on his readers that the responsibility of the war did not rest on him; and his account of the battle which we are accustomed to call by the name of Pharsalia (*Bell. Civ.* iii. 82–99), where he first brings out that overweening insolence, those divided counsels, which prepared the defeat of his adversaries, and then remarks, in describing the comforts of the camp captured after the victory, that these were the men who used to reproach with luxury his own suffering army. But Cæsar's history of the Civil War, if openly apologetic, is candid; it is a lucid narrative, and our loss is great when we part company with Cæsar as historian at the beginning of the Alexandrine War. We can have no greater certainty than Suetonius had as to the authorship of those narratives, in continuation of Cæsar's, which are entitled the War of Alexandria, the War of Africa, the War of Spain. In spite of some difficulties, the probability seems to be in favour of all three having been written by Hirtius. At all events, they are our main authorities for the details of the Civil War after the death of Pompeius; though at almost every step we feel the contrast, in respect of clearness and of precision, between these narratives and Cæsar's history of the Civil War.

Mr. Long has shown sound judgment in his way of using other authorities also. The epitomes of Livy's lost books sometimes supply facts (or statements) not to be found elsewhere; and it is not needful to discuss here the suspicion which they have suggested that Livy, as he advanced in years and in his task, grew more prolix and more rhetorical. Plutarch, who lived under the Emperors from Nero to Hadrian, knew the war of Cæsarians and Pompeians at about the same distance as that at which we know the reign of George I.; and, in estimating the worth of his facts, it should be borne in mind that, for a biographer who wrote men's lives less with an historical purpose than with the moral purpose of illustrating their characters, it did not greatly matter whether an anecdote was apocryphal or authentic, if only it expressed—though in that exaggerated shape which a really characteristic anecdote, just because it is a chosen one, soon gets—the current feeling about a man's qualities. Appian was as far removed from the age of Cæsar as we are from the age of Anne; Dion as far as we are from the earlier years of Charles I. In their different ways, however, the two Greek compilers are valuable. Those who should judge Appian only by his *Hannibalian War*, where he has the ill-luck of serving as a foil to Livy, would do no justice to his *Civil War*, a work on which he had evidently bestowed more pains, and of which the subject was more in his grasp. Dion had a thorough knowledge of Roman history, and of the Roman Constitution; as a senator, and (for a time) as a consul, he had access to official documents; and these things make him really nearer to the time of Cæsar than either Appian or Plutarch. If there is a point on which we should differ with Mr. Long in his estimate of the secondary authorities for the Civil War, it is about Dion, whom we should rate somewhat more highly than Mr. Long seems disposed to do. We cannot help suspecting that Appian has won Mr. Long's heart by a congenial brevity and plainness. Dion generally tells his story in more words, and often seems to aim at giving the impression of truthfulness by enumerating particulars. To illustrate the difference between the manners of Appian and Dion, we would compare their narratives of that mutiny among the Campanian veterans which Cæsar suppressed at Rome in 47 B.C. (*Appian, B.C.* ii. 93; *Dion*, xiii. 52). The value of Cicero's letters and speeches for the history of the time is not much weakened by the fact that his political calculations were generally wrong, and his judgments of persons, especially of Cæsar, often foolishly unjust. Mr. Long uses the evidence of Cicero's writings wisely; and, what is perhaps harder, especially in these days of a widespread conspiracy to raise the ghost of Conyers Middleton, he is fair, even when he is unfavourable, to Cicero.

Cæsar, pursuing Pompeius, sailed from Brundisium for Epirus in January, 48 B.C. Between his sailing and the battle of Pharsalia the chief event was his unsuccessful blockade of Pompeius, near Dyrrachium. These months were the real crisis of the Civil War, and it is on the operations which they comprise that military criticism has been concentrated. The first Napoleon blamed Cæsar for crossing the sea from Brundisium to Epirus. Observing that the legions collected at Brundisium came from Spain, from Gaul, or from the banks of the Po, Napoleon contends that Cæsar ought to have led them through Illyria and Dalmatia to Macedonia. From Placentia, the point of intersection of the two routes, the distance to Epirus is about the same. The army, Napoleon argues, would have reached Epirus united, and the passage of the sea—a risk which, in the presence of a superior squadron, was near proving fatal—would have been avoided. Goeler, himself a soldier, makes a remark about the right way of reading Cæsar's *Commentaries* which perhaps applies to Napoleon's criticism. Cæsar assumes, as known to his reader, much that a modern reader can learn only by laborious and minute inquiry. Napoleon did not occupy himself with such minute inquiries. There may have been difficulties about supplies which Cæsar knew, and which rendered impracticable such a land route as that which Napoleon suggests. Further, as Mr. Long says, supposing that Cæsar had marched to

Lissus, is it certain that he would have found Pompeius there? It was neither impossible nor improbable that Pompeius might meanwhile return by sea to Italy (*Cæs. B. C.* iii. 29). As to the failure of the blockade near Dyrrachium—a more decisive check for Cæsar than even that before Gergovia (*Long*, iv. 318)—Napoleon's criticism may be just:—"How could he hope to maintain himself advantageously on a line of contravallation six leagues in length, blockading an army which was master of the sea and occupied a central position?" Yet neither Napoleon nor any one else, so far as we know, has suggested what better thing there was to do. The shade of Cæsar might reply to his critics:—

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti.

Mr. Long tells the battle of Pharsalia (as we call it) almost in Cæsar's words—adding (chiefly in foot-notes) some illustrations which make the narrative a clear and complete whole. Pompeius had ordered his men to await in silence the enemy's attack. Cæsar says that he thinks this was a mistake; a commander ought to encourage, not to repress, that elation of spirit which is caused by the ardour for battle. Cæsar's troops charged with a shout. Here Mr. Long brings old and modern experience together by quoting Sir Garnet Wolseley (in *The Soldier's Pocket-book*):—"A ringing cheer is inseparable from charging. I do not believe it possible to get a line in action to charge in silence; and, were it possible, the general who deprives himself of the moral assistance it gives the assailants would be an idiot." Mr. Long, the most severe of writers in his renunciation of ornament, occasionally seems to indemnify himself by putting into his text what would more naturally have been put into an appendix. The short chapter (xvii.) on the site of the battlefield, which he subjoins to his account of the battle, is a case in point. Cæsar does not name Pharsalia any more than he names the Rubicon. The only place that he names in connexion with the battle is Larisa, whither Pompeius fled. Opinions have differed much as to the spot on which the battle was fought. Mr. Long agrees with Goeler and with General W. Napier in holding that the ground was somewhere north of the Enipeus (Goeler's Apidanus), but does not commit himself to the details of Napier's view, which places Cæsar's camp facing west, with Scotussa in the rear, and the camp of Pompeius facing east at the foot of some heights which border the Enipeus.

Every one knows Mommsen's picture, or rather his enthusiastic refusal to attempt a picture, of Julius Cæsar, where he speaks of the eyes which had been privileged to look on that perfection almost as Dante speaks of those which had beheld Beatrice in the earthly life. Here is the opening of Mr. Long's last chapter, at the head of which we read "Cæsar" (p. 467):—

I do not propose to write a character of C. Julius Cæsar. The drawing of characters is a kind of work which I do not greatly value; and it is unnecessary when we know the acts of a man's life from his early years to the day of his death. . . . But I do propose to collect in a brief summary the principal facts which show us what Cæsar was, and as he appears in this history, in which I have told the truth as far as we know it, and have told it with perfect impartiality. I shall add a few things to show more clearly the man's great and varied talents. His biographer Suetonius and other writers will be authority for these facts.

Severity of this type is sincerely admired by a few, and secretly thought classical by as many as see their way, however dimly, to translating it into Latin prose. But when a scholar is writing about a far-off age which plain folks find it hard to see with any vividness, is it true that the drawing of characters is a kind of work which is not to be highly valued? Would not historical literature be the poorer for losing some of those portraits in which thorough and subtle inquirers have embodied the results of long study, and have kindled the whole with the breath of life from a genius too sane and too self-controlled to indulge in creating when its task was to revive? To take an instance from ground which Mr. Long has lately been traversing, there are probably few students of Roman history who do not see both Cæsar and Sulla more clearly for having read Mr. Freeman's analysis of Sulla's character and his comparison of the two dictators—a comparison, by the way, which comes to the mind with curious force when one finds Pompeius trying so hard to believe, and to make believe, that he is the new Sulla. Mr. Long is a first-rate scholar, a workman who spares no pains, and an historian who has the cardinal virtue of wishing before all things to get at the truth. But, in his extreme dread of being wise above that which is written, he sometimes reduces the province of the historian almost to that of a verbal commentator on original authorities; and, in an overstrained pursuit of plainness, he not only deprives his style of grace and life, but foregoes much that would help the memory and quicken the insight of students. Mr. Long worships Altheia as Athenians worshipped the Eumenides—with wineless offerings. But his work is able and thorough, and it will last. Those who have gone over the ground on which Roman dominion was first planted in Gaul remember the place between Nismes and Avignon where a sudden turn of the road shows a Roman aqueduct, hardly touched by time, spanning the valley of the Gard. The work with which Mr. Long has bridged the years of the declining Republic is not less stern or less solid; nor perhaps the less fitted, because it is not the channel of a sparkling stream, to be an enduring memorial of the hands that wrought it.

PRAIRIE AND FOREST.*

THERE can be no doubt that the author of this work and of several others of a similar nature is as true a sportsman as ever handled rod or gun. He can find, kill, and cook his own game. He is an adept at tying his own flies. He is prepared to rough it on the lone prairie with a blanket or a buffalo hide and a few branches for his sole shelter, while wolves prowl round his encampment, threaten to attack his horses, and poetically watch his "slowly dying fire." He has shot golden pheasants in China, and wild fowl in the islands of Jura and Mull. In short, there is scarcely any kind of sport, from trout-fishing to encounters with the grizzly bear, which he has not attempted with complete success. We could even wish that he had thought it worth his while to pay a visit to some of the hunting-grounds of our Indian dependency. A book by "Ubique" showing how snipe are shot in the plains of Lower Bengal, or how tigers charge a line of elephants in the Terai of Rohilcund, might have infused some novelty into Oriental narratives of this kind, and the author would probably have detected analogies between the skill in trapping displayed by half-breeds and the coolness and self-possession not seldom evinced by native Shikarees, Santals, and Bheels. We could, however, wish that the writer had thought fit either to write his adventures in ordinary English, or else to translate or explain divers expressions which, though full of native pith, sadly require the aid of a commentator. In some instances we get help from the context. We can make out that a "windfall" in the depths of a Canadian forest does not mean a piece of good luck, but a piece of timber blown down by the tempest and blocking up the woodman's path. A horse is said to "roach" when he shows signs of buck-jumping. To "tree a covey," it may be easily conceived, means to make grouse take to the branches, where they are easily slaughtered for the pot. A "blazed," or "blaze road," does not mean, as might be imagined, a path cleared in the forest by settlers who apply fire to the scrub, but one marked out every hundred yards or so by scooping out a bit of bark from a birch or other tree. "To margin," like the new verb "to loan," is used by Americans in a transitive sense. Railroads in the Far West are spoken of as "the cars." Canions and gulches are used to express gorges and ravines. The former, we understand, comes from the Spanish. We can dimly assign a meaning to the term "bowers" in card-play, relatively to "aces and kings." It would be more correct for a sportsman to speak of a bird as "winged" than as "pinioned" by a snap shot. But these curiosities of literature in the Far West are venial compared to the sin of plagiarizing illustrations without the slightest acknowledgment. No less than four pictures are taken by Mr. Gillmore from *Forest Life in Acadie; or, Sketches of Sport and Natural History*, by Captain Campbell Hardy, of the Royal Artillery, published in 1869. The frontispiece of the work with which we are now dealing represents two moose deer, one reclining at ease and the other pulling down a huge branch. It is described as "A Summer Retreat." In Captain Hardy's work, p. 73, this is more properly designated "A Moose riding down a Tree." In like manner the incident of "Moose Calling" at p. 56, the two cariboo at p. 73 in their winter coat, and the Canadian trout stream at p. 342, are all three copied, line for line and shade for shade, from pictures in the earlier work, where they are however designated, the first by the same title, and the others "On the Barrens," and "The Pabineau Falls, River Nepisiguit." Either then the author has omitted to mention that he had Captain Hardy's authority to use these sketches, or he has assumed that a right of freemasonry in the matter of materials and experiences must exist between all veteran sportsmen, or he has trusted to the forgetfulness of his readers and to the rapidity with which in these days one book drives another out of the field. "C'est mon bien," said Molière, when skillfully adapting to his own plays the rough metal of inferior writers; "et je le prends partout où je le trouve." But Molière, and even Puff himself, would hardly have thought it allowable for great wits not only to think in the same grooves, but to reproduce, as by photography, the sketches of a gifted predecessor. Moreover it is to be observed that the picture of the above-mentioned falls, where the skilful angler is presenting the butt-end of his rod to a heavy fish in the most approved fashion, though termed by Mr. Gillmore a "Canadian Trout Stream," is placed opposite the narrative of an expedition up the Androscogan, or Mad River, in the northern part of the United States, in which river he appears to have been rewarded by baskets of splendid trout.

No Red Indian in Fenimore Cooper's novels could mourn more pathetically over the annoyance which animals and their pursuers experience in encountering the encroachments of an irresistible civilization. It is fair to state that Mr. Gillmore's strongest epithets are reserved, not for speculators who introduce saw-mills and factories, but for those who pollute rivers with refuse, or erect dams up which it is impossible for fish to climb. Equally severe, too, is he in the case of sportsmen who revel in slaughter or kill more than they can consume; nor, while holding out to Englishmen who are driven from the Scotch moors by expense, and from Norfolk battues by satiety, the exquisite fascinations of sporting where no permission need be asked, does he disguise the inconveniences, discomforts, and perils which they may have to undergo. Even a Northern State like Maine is for six weeks unendurable, owing to black-flies, sand-flies, and mosquitoes. The remedy of lubricating the exposed parts of the body with oil of tar is

precisely one of those which sound as bad as the disease itself. Then visitors are reminded that, even when merely bent on trout-fishing, it is just as well to take a gun as a protection. They must be prepared occasionally to sleep on piles of hemlock; and it is clear that no one ought to attempt to follow Mr. Gillmore's footsteps who is destitute of nerve, who cannot be his own game-keeper, cook, valet, and even doctor, and who lacks that quality of "handiness" which Lord Lytton ascribes to one of his latest and not least happy creations, Kenelm Chillingly. But the real test of a work like this will always be the contribution which the author makes to our knowledge of natural history and of the habits of the birds and beasts still to be found in no inconsiderable numbers on the Canadian and American rivers and lakes. It is not enough that a man should tell us with some point, animation, and descriptive power, the steps that he took to capture a monster trout, or the admiring envy which he excited in the breasts of genuine Yankees by slaying the big buck who had been known to baffle all exertions for years; and who was believed invulnerable to bullets cast in any human mould. Every man of keen perceptions and active habits who has had an ordinary education can do the same. Even the description of a personal encounter with a big bear which is slain with duck-shot has a family resemblance to adventures with bears, tigers, jaguars, and leopards to be found in Lloyd's *Northern Field Sports*, in Washington Irving's *Tour on the Prairies*, and in half-a-dozen Indian sporting magazines and reviews. These parts of the work, as well as his meeting with an ex-schoolmaster who sang psalms through his nose and was occasionally given to cheating at cards, may be passed over summarily; and we turn to the notices of the habits of beasts which either endorse or correct past experience, or to those of the game-birds that seem to exist for the very purpose of acclimatization in England. An old bull buffalo, deserted by friends, or too slow to follow the herd, was attacked in the author's sight by four prairie wolves. These animals seemed perfectly well aware of the necessity of dividing their labours ere they could divide the spoil. One made a feint at the head, while the others in the rear watched their chances or inflicted wounds on the aged animal's hock. Mr. Gillmore seems to think that while three of the wolves took it in turn to make false attacks in front, the fourth, as the most experienced, always tried to pin the buffalo behind, though a well-directed kick might have turned the scale against the assailants. The indignant sportsman stopped for a time the unequal contest by a war whoop, which he says disgusted the wolves without calling forth any gratitude from the ancient buffalo, who forthwith charged his deliverer; a fact which, of itself, would throw doubt on the old story of Androcles and the Lion. And the author then goes on to moralize on the fate of the leader of the herd in a strain which reminds us of Evan Dhu speculating on the probable fate of his friend Donald Bean Lean, the cattle-lifter, who, as the Highlander explained to the astonished Waverley, had far better "die for the law" than perish in a dark hole "like a mangy tyke." Thus the proper end of the effete buffalo "after a long and happy life" is, we are told, to die "in a gallant and short struggle, overpowered by his too numerous enemies, a death worthy of a hero."

On another occasion Mr. Gillmore was more successful in driving off a pack of wolves from a young cow buffalo with a baby calf between its legs, for he rolled over the foremost aggressor with one barrel and disabled another with his second. The mane of the American buffalo as well as his thick coat is deemed by the author a wise provision of nature intended to lessen the shock of the inevitable encounters which take place between rivals in the spring season. Unconsciously, as we think, Mr. Gillmore reproduces in prose the well-known scene of the Third Georgic:—

Illic alternantes multâ vi prælia miscent
Vulneribus crebris
Versaque in obnixos urgentur cornua vasto
Cum gemitu; reboant silvæque et longus Olympus.

But these encounters never terminate fatally, for, according to classical precedent,

Victus abiit, longæque ignotis exsulat oris.

Another danger to which the buffalo is exposed is that of drowning when the streams in spring are encumbered with broken ice, or of falling into quicksands in the "Western country." An instance is given where the fear of man prevailed over the sort of fatalistic apathy to which one of these unfortunate beasts was helplessly yielding, and forced it to struggle on to firm land. The plains of Bengal, it is well known, even when under cultivation, maintain large but diminishing herds of these same animals; and specimens of horns of enormous size can be procured in the dense jungles of Assam. But for the bison, or buffalo with a mane, the sportsman must go to the Central Provinces, or to the forests and hill ranges of Madras. The musk sheep seems to unite most of the characteristics of the ovib with some of those of the bos. Its feeding grounds, its agility, and its food stamp it as a sheep. In size, look, and flesh it partakes somewhat of the nature of the ox. Two eminent naturalists have compromised matters by describing the animal as Ovibos. But our author would place it in the former category. We have no space to detail the interesting peculiarities of the Cariboo, the Wapiti or Canadian stag, and the Virginian or fallow deer. And, if wolves are often speared by American or Canadian sportsmen on horseback, all we can say

* *Prairie and Forest: a Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit.* By Parker Gillmore, "Ubique." Author of "Gun, Rod, and Saddle," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1874.

is that these animals must have rather less endurance and speed than the wolves of India. Not half-a-dozen of the best Indian cavaliers mounted on Arabs of the highest temper, caste, and endurance have ever boasted that they have driven a spear into a wolf or a black buck in a fair chase.

The remarks on the species of grouse found in Northern America point, as we have said, to their acclimatization in England as a legitimate means of diversifying sport. Hitherto we have been familiar with the pennated and the ruffed grouse only through the medium of specimens displayed in poulterers' shops in winter. They are slain in large numbers in the autumn, packed in ice, and shipped for the London market. But there must be several districts in the British isles where some of these distinguished foreigners might be introduced without difficulty and without giving gamekeepers occasion to ascribe to them a perceptible diminution in our indigenous game. The pennated grouse, like black game, lie close in the commencement of the season, but pack together in wild or severe weather. We could well spare them as we have done, but we agree with the writer in desiring to introduce into the woods of Scotland and our northern counties, not the pennated, but the ruffed grouse, and also the Virginian quail. The former lie well to dogs, are not given to running, flourish in hazel and birch woods, are swift on the wing, and can live on ants, gnats, and grain. The flesh is said to resemble that of our red grouse, and the bird can stand great variations of climate. Similar arguments may be pleaded for the acclimatization of the quail. It is not migratory in the sense in which we apply this epithet to the Continental species. It has a strong and rapid flight. It is suited to the same localities as the partridge, and is not quarrelsome, except with others of its own kind. When noblemen and gentlemen shall take a pride in treating their guests, not to the largest amount, but to the greatest variety of slaughtered fowls, we may hope to see the wish of the author carried out. To the genuine sportsman nothing is so attractive as the outturn of a fair bag where the snipe and golden plover appear nestling under the wing of a blackcock with his tail on, and the earliest pheasants drop out in proximity to the grouse in full plumage, both killed, the latter with No. 4, at the close of a good day at the end of October. We can recommend Mr. Parker Gillmore's work to those who love sporting adventure for the physical exercise which it involves, and for the demands which it makes on man's ability to circumvent wary animals and quick-sighted birds. And we shall be much surprised if this publication does not induce men of leisure and enterprise to seek for novelty and possibly to exercise their turn for philology in Transatlantic wildernesses, including three lovely lakes with the familiar and easy appellations of Molleyclunkeymunk, Mooseluckmaguntic, and Moligewalk.

BLACKIE'S *HOÆ HELLENICÆ*.*

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is half behind his age and half in advance of it. And, as the Professor has a very respectable power of giving hard knocks and a thorough good will to give them, the present generation of scholars comes in for knocks on both sides. Mr. Blackie has in a manner achieved the same exploit as Kehama and Sir Boyle Roche's bird. He is ready in two places at once, Themistokles and Adeimantos in one, to chastise with the same rod those who lag behind and those who, to his thinking, get on too fast. At the same Mr. Blackie is by no means so fierce in Greece as he is in Scotland; the air of the ancient Athens does not draw out his combative powers so freely as that of the modern. He is not nearly so fierce—we were going to say not nearly so silly—when he is talking about Greek matters, *klephts* among them, as when he is talking about “quidam *Intro publicus*” nearer home. We had any day rather like to hear him sing a song about Theodore Kolokotronis than a song about William Wallace. Mr. Blackie is on some points pre-scientific, and, like most pre-scientific people, he is a little angry with those who are more scientific than himself. And he has a foolish way of sneering at Germans, which is not uncommon among those who cannot read a German book, but which is rare among those who, like Mr. Blackie, certainly can. But, whatever else he is, Mr. Blackie is never dull, not even when, as it almost seems, he tries to be so. Why should a man put his essays and discussions into a shape so needlessly formal, and therefore so needlessly frightful, as to number his paragraphs Proposition I., Proposition II., till they sometimes reached the stage of Proposition XLIV.? And why should he put such a stumbling-block in our way as to tell us in the very beginning of his preface that the points of Greek philology and antiquity upon which he proposes to speak are those which “appeared to him to have been unduly subordinated, or altogether neglected, by British scholars, or unwisely handled by men of acknowledged talent and reputation.” We do not in the least doubt that Professor Blackie's essays “are the product of hard reading and hard thinking.” We fully allow that they “raise some questions worthy of being seriously grappled with by English scholars”; we should not for a moment doubt that Mr. Blackie, even apart from his “professorial position,” “desires that truth should be stated, and error combated on as open a field as possible”; nor, if he had not himself put it into our head, should we

have “attributed their present publication to any undue amount of self-esteem.” When we are ready to grant so much, it is hard to have to spell out a sentence which tells us how the essays, “originally published in the Transactions of learned Societies and Philological Reviews, laboured under the double disadvantage of being with difficulty consulted, and with facility ignored.” The disadvantage is a most real one, and it is constantly felt both by writers and readers. If a man writes anything in the Transactions of a learned Society or in a Philological Review, he is sure to be disappointed by finding that somebody who he hopes has read his paper has not read it. And, on the other hand, a man who is seeking for knowledge in all quarters about one particular subject finds, when it is too late, something very much to his purpose lies hidden in the pages of the Transactions of a learned Society or in those of a Philological Review. The Germans, whom Mr. Blackie so much dislikes, really deserve a knock or two, and the Swies deserve still more, for thus hiding some of their best writings in places where they are “with difficulty consulted and with facility ignored.” Only we should not have thought of making our moan on this head in a sentence which, though not specially long, needs to be read over again before we grasp the meaning, just as if it were a German sentence with the verb half a mile away before the nominative case. Mr. Blackie gives us a list of eight other papers in various periodicals which he has not reprinted, but which he says “contain matter that might reward a glance from persons interested in the subject which they discuss.” We rejoice to hear that a lecture by Mr. Blackie on the “Classical Affinities of the Gaelic Language,” published some years ago, and now out of print, was so lucky at the time as to “meet with a very favourable reception from competent judges,” and that his only reasons for not reprinting it are that he “hopes soon to be able to carry on his studies of Gaelic philology to more worthy conclusions,” and also because certain other scholars are likely “to set their hands so seriously and stoutly to the work that any further excursions on his part into a domain not specially his may be rendered unnecessary.” Of the pieces thus shut out, that which we should be the most inclined to ask for is one “On the Character, Condition, and Prospects of the Greek People,” which we do not doubt “might reward a glance.” Modern Greek matters are Mr. Blackie's strong point, and he is always at his best when he is talking about them.

One more phrase in this preface calls for some notice. “So far,” says Mr. Blackie, “as my antagonism to certain philological and mythological speculations of my distinguished friend, Professor Max Müller, is concerned, I have seen nothing from his pen, or from that of any other person, that in the slightest degree moves me to any qualification of what I have distinctly stated on these points.” It may therefore be well to look to those passages of the essays which may give us some notion what are the ideas about philological and mythological matters to any qualification of which nothing has in the slightest degree moved Mr. Blackie. First of all, we are not attracted when we come to such phrases as “a mind not violently possessed by German theories,” “the erudite fancymongers beyond the Rhine,” “the great Berlin notionalist,” “any but a thorough-paced German idea-monger”; and then we go on to find Mr. Blackie talking about “the Germans,” “the German school,” as if all Germans thought alike, and as if there were not a hundred German schools. After this, we are not surprised at some of the other things which we find. Conceive a man who, having spoken a few times before of Professor Max Müller and other Sanscrit scholars, and not having spoken of any other modern writers for three or four pages, talks about “the man who at the present day shall attempt to interpret the Greek gods from the transliteration of Sanscrit or Hebrew words.” And, a few pages back, we read:—

Comparative philology, like archaeology, recovers the earliest history of a people before writing was known; and this raises the inquiry, whether a mythology which bears a foreign nomenclature on its face may not convey foreign ideas in its soul—that is, to take an example, whether the Greek mythology, if the names of its personages are more readily explained in Hebrew or Sanscrit than in Greek, may not, in respect of its ideas and legends, be more properly interpreted from original Hebrew or Sanscrit than from native Greek sources?

It is not very clear whether Mr. Blackie is here speaking in his own name or in that of somebody else. But it is plain either that Mr. Blackie himself thinks, or else that he thinks that somebody else thinks, that to go to Hebrew and to go to Sanscrit for an explanation of Greek words or of Greek myths are exactly the same kind of process. To Mr. Blackie Sanscrit and Hebrew are both in “the East,” and that is enough. He directly after tells us in his text:—“The prospect thus held out of tracing famous European religious myths to their far home in the East is extremely inviting.” And he adds in a note a quotation from—Bryant:—“The whole theology of Greece was derived from the East.” It is plain to Mr. Blackie that Bryant is quite on a level with the person whom he seems to refer to in the following sentence:—

The last source of Greek myths, for which a strong claim has recently been put forth by a German of distinguished talent, taste, and learning in this country, is Sanscrit.

It would perhaps be in vain to explain to Mr. Blackie that no one goes to Sanscrit as being in any strict sense the source of Greek myths. But it is amusing to hear him go through Egyptian, Hebrew, Phœnician, and Sanscrit theories, and in the end pronounce the last to be as much a failure as any of the others, and seemingly rather more of a failure than the Phœnician theory. This is the kind of thing which Mr. Blackie gives us by way of

* *HOÆ HELLENICÆ: Essays and Discussions on some Important Points of Greek Philology and Antiquity.* By John Stuart Blackie, F.R.S.E. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

"a necessary protest against some ingenious aberrations of Max Müller, Gladstone, Inman, and Cox, in the method of mythological interpretation." Mr. Blackie has the advantage of us with regard to the third name on his list; but we should never have thought of classing Mr. Gladstone among comparative mythologists, and as for Professor Müller and Mr. Cox, whatever their aberrations may be, Mr. Blackie has not yet taken the first steps towards qualifying himself to judge whether they are aberrations or not. It is perfectly plain that the Edinburgh Professor of Greek does not yet know what comparative philology and comparative mythology are. And this is the more pity because, though Mr. Blackie does not know whence words come, he does know in some cases, as his papers on modern Greek show, whither words go. He seems to know as little of the history of his own language as he does of the history of Greek. As he seems to think that there are people who derive Greek from Sanscrit, he himself seems to derive English, or some part of it, from High-German. English is in his eyes (329) "a merely derivative and mixed language," and (137) "the Saxon half of English is a sort of amputated German"; and in another place (134) he speaks of the loss of the initial *ge* in the English past participle as "a change which the German has suffered in passing into English"; and again (226) he tells us that "the original form" of the English word *slay* "is the German word *schlagen*, to strike." Opposite to this we are not unnaturally told that the Latin *fur* is derived from the Greek verb *φωριω*. Here then we have some of the doctrines which nothing from the pen of Professor Müller or any other person moves Mr. Blackie to qualify in the slightest degree. The faith on which Mr. Blackie stands so firm is that English is derived from High-German, that Latin is derived from Greek, but that Greek is not derived from Sanscrit. This last, we must beg leave to explain to Mr. Blackie, is a doctrine which neither Professor Müller nor any other man who knows what he is talking about would for a moment think of disputing.

But, notwithstanding all this, we have a good deal of tenderness for Mr. Blackie; if he would only keep to what he really understands, he would do good service. His graver essays, philosophical and historical, may be read with some interest, though perhaps he now and then gets a little out of his depth, and he certainly miscalculated his own powers when he took upon him to do battle with Mr. Grote. The real value of the book, as of all that Mr. Blackie has hitherto done, lies in the modern Greek part, and in the dealing with the question of accent. The last paper, "On the Place and Power of Accent in Language," we have reviewed before when it came in a separate form, and we expressed a hearty general agreement with it. We are more and more convinced that it is quite possible to read Greek so as to preserve both accent and quantity. To do so is certainly hard work for those who are not used to it, but it is most likely no harder than a great many other things in our own and in all other languages, which seem easy enough to those who have been used to them from their childhood. Yet, after all, the process of phonetic corruption in any case shows that one sound really is harder than another. It is quite possible, not only to say *ἀνθρώπος* without making the *ω* short, but even, which to us is much harder, to say *σοφία* without making the *ι* short. But it is clearly easier to say *ἀνθρώπος* and *σοφία* or *ἀνθρώπος* and *σοφία*, and so the modern Greeks have gradually sunk into the one corruption, while Western scholars have deliberately chosen the other. In this essay, and in both his essays on the modern Greek language, all that Mr. Blackie says is quite to the purpose as far as it goes; but even here he fails really to get to the bottom of his subject. He does not at all attempt to trace the evidence which we have in abundance to show that some of the features which distinguish modern Greek from ancient can really be traced up to the most ancient form of Greek that we have, much as French and Italian uses of Latin words which are not to be found in Cicero are often to be found in Plautus. Nor again does Mr. Blackie at all mark the evidence which ecclesiastical and mediæval language gives as to the early date of the present Greek pronunciation, just as the Greek of the New Testament gives us one stage of the process by which modern Greek grew out of the ancient. In short, there is a great deal to be said about Greek accents and about modern Greek which Mr. Blackie does not seem to have thought of. But he has the merit of having been one of the few, and we believe one of the first, to think of these matters at all; and with that merit we will gladly leave him.

LONSDALE'S LIFE OF DALTON.*

IT is as a sketch of the life and personal characteristics rather than as a summary of the scientific labours or discoveries of Dalton that Dr. Lonsdale has put together the present memoir of one of the most distinguished among the worthies of Cumberland. Satisfied with the justice already done to the intellectual powers and achievements of the Northern philosopher by Dr. William Charles Henry and Dr. Angus Smith, he has made it his task to set forth with greater fulness the private or domestic side of his career. Not that Dalton's great services to chemistry are passed lightly over or inadequately treated, special chapters being devoted to the history of each of his prominent discoveries; but what his present biographer claims in particular to have done consists

* *The Worthies of Cumberland: John Dalton, F.R.S., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon, &c.* By Henry Lonsdale, M.D. London: Routledge & Sons. 1874.

in having brought together much original information, in part drawn from letters of Dalton's own, with many of which he has been favoured, in part derived from the conversation of intimate friends and associates of the philosopher. Among these he especially mentions his late worthy friends, Jonathan and Jane Carr of Carlisle, who had been pupils of Jonathan and John Dalton at Kendal, and retained lively recollections of the junior schoolmaster, many members of the Society of Friends in the North and elsewhere, and several of the Fletcher family, with whom John Dalton had been intimate from very early days. Dr. Lonsdale's work is somewhat marred by a tendency to grandiose and stilted writing. Every common day is with him a "diurnal." In his prefatory chapter upon the early history of chemistry we have a deal of tall-talk about "man's endeavour to fathom the impenetrable problem of his own genesis, and the gradatory lines of his intellectual moral development," with roundabout allusions to the "esoteric angels with naughty longings for Eve's fair daughters," and so forth. In even worse taste is his making George Fox find no better aids to salvation "at the hands of the spiritual directors of the State Church than a recommendation by some of beer and concubinage, by others of tobacco and psalmody," and speaking of his success in "carrying the pluralist vicar of Brigham off his tithe legs and all his congregation to a free ministry." Worst of all is a tendency to sallies of what he is obviously pleased to consider wit, which when not feeble is coarse. It is not till he gets into the heart of his subject, catching it may be something of the native simplicity and sober plainness of the man he has to describe, that he shows himself worth attention.

An anecdote of John Dalton late in life gives the true key to the success upon which he could look back, and to his triumph over difficulties which might well have seemed insuperable. Entertaining a friend and his son at supper at an hotel, and inquiring into the youth's progress in study, the philosopher ended by saying, "Thou seems to have better talents than I possessed at thy age; but thou may want the thing that I have a good share of, perseverance." The son of a poor weaver—a man of no parts, who was thought but a feckless sort of man, and could hold out to his son no higher expectations than that of plying the shuttle, to which his childish fingers were set at the earliest moment—it was by dint of sheer plodding and of persevering toil that Dalton fitted himself for the struggle of life and led the way to the achievements of his after years. The plain and lowly dwelling is still shown where he first saw the light at the little village of Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, chiefly famed as having given name or title to the founder of Queen's College, Oxford, and chaplain to Queen Philippa. Some small property had, it would seem, come into the family from the Fearons, one of whom Jonathan Dalton, John's grandfather, married in 1712, amassing a further amount of wealth in land and hereditaments to the value of some 35*l.* a year, which on the death of his eldest son, also named Jonathan, fell to John's father, Joseph. It is believed, too, that his wife, Deborah Greenup, brought to Joseph a slender dowry as well as an active mind, great energy, and quick intelligence, which qualities doubtless had their effect upon the character and intellect of John, who, with an elder brother Jonathan and a sister Mary, alone of six children grew up to maturity. Not that the boy was by any means of quick or ready intellect, sharp at work, or demonstrative at play. Constancy of purpose and thoughtful self-reliance were the qualities which most marked his early years, and won for him the interest and good will of the excellent Quaker master of Pardshaw Hall School, Mr. John Fletcher, under whom he was enabled to get through arithmetic and navigation before the completion of his twelfth year. At ten he gained vast credit by setting right a lot of mowers who wrangled over the difference between sixty square yards and sixty yards square, as well as by delivering a lecture extempore from a hedge to his juvenile mates on the way home from school. Still more fortunate was he in securing the friendship of a Quaker gentleman of ample means and knowledge, Elihu Robinson, "the man of Eaglesfield," the founder of Cumberland meteorology, the friend of Collinson, Franklin, Fothergill, and Clarkson. Science and literature owed much in those Northern lands to the aid of leading Friends. At Robinson's house John Dalton worked much with William Alderson, his senior in years, keeping generally ahead of him, and spurring him on when inclined to seek the master's aid by his broad Cumbrian "Yan med den't" (one might do it). In his thirteenth year—1779—the energetic lad is found opening a school on his own account at Eaglesfield, first in an old barn, next in his father's house, and finally in the Friends' meeting-house. Whilst coping with lads and lasses often older than himself he was steadily improving his own powers, aided not a little by the Ladies' Diary or Almanac for that year, which he copied verbatim, and the problems in which he worked out with his companion. After two years of teaching, which never brought him in, it is thought, more than five shillings a week, he was glad to eke out his means by occasional husbandry.

When nearly sixteen, he was induced to join his brother Jonathan, then an usher under Mr. Bewley at Kendal, on whose retirement the brothers continued the school on their own account in 1785, with their sister Mary as housekeeper. Their educational course, originally confined to English, Latin, Greek, and French, with writing, arithmetic, merchants' accounts, and mathematics, was extended a few years later so as to include probably more than was then taught in any public school in the kingdom, adding, as it did, to those studies nearly the whole range of subjects comprised under the heading of natural philosophy. Yet the returns brought in by all this diversified labour seem barely to have reached 100*l.* a year, including the pittance earned by drawing

conditions, making wills, and similar half legal, half scholastic avocations. The Daltons were known as strict disciplinarians to an extent which in one instance is said to have brought them somewhat prominently before the public. John, though the less severe of the two, is reported by surviving pupils to have been far from conciliatory in method, or disposed to bring out the kinder feelings of his scholars. The bucolicism of Eaglesfield still clung to their nature, and was probably in no degree relieved by the stiffness and formalism symbolized by the rigid collar and broad brim. Such were his powers of abstraction that John Dalton could, it was said, in all the turmoil of a class of thirty or forty scholars, direct his mind to working out problems in the higher mathematics. On the 26th of October, 1787, he delivered his first set of lectures on natural philosophy, at the rate of half-a-guinea for the course of twelve, or one shilling a single lecture. The same lectures he repeated four years later at no more than five shillings the course—a sign of the slender success attained in the first instance, whether from some defect in the lecturer or from the lack of local interest in matters of physical science. All the while he was pushing his studies, stimulated and guided by the remarkable energies and abilities of John Gough, whose profound and diversified learning, in spite of his blindness, is described in a letter of Dalton's in terms no less glowing than those of Wordsworth's verse. It was in the form of replies to questions in the Gentlemen's and Ladies' Diaries that Dalton first brought his powers before the public, winning prizes from time to time for problems in mathematics and hydrostatics, whilst he appears at the same time to be bestowing much attention upon chemistry. Botany and entomology entered largely into his study of nature, and it was above all in meteorology, favoured by the conditions of climate peculiar to his native county, that he found the basis of his ultimate command of the chief secrets of physics. He is seen noting and recording with infinite patience the changing conditions of the atmosphere by the aid of instruments simple and far from adequate, for the most part of his own making, yet working out results on which a new science has been built. Without any fundamental knowledge of anatomy or of the physiology of man, he fell upon a plan of his own for testing and methodizing the processes of nutrition and sustentation in the human frame, weighing daily his own *ingesta* and *egesta*, including the perspiration. The idea of making medicine his profession is broached in a letter to Elihu Robinson in August 1790; but neither from Robinson nor from other friends did he receive encouragement enough to persevere in that line. After twelve years at Kendal, on the recommendation of John Gough, he removed to Manchester to take the course of mathematical and natural philosophy in the new College recently established by Nonconformists to supply the growing wants caused by their exclusion from Oxford and Cambridge. As credentials of his future eminence, in addition to the promise held out by his career thus far, he took with him the revised proofs of his *Meteorological Essays*. There he continued to dwell for the fifty more years to which his life of intellectual labour and usefulness was prolonged.

The stages of Dalton's otherwise uneventful career are marked by the steps of development by which his new scheme of philosophy advanced towards consummation. But whilst the whole of his observations and philosophical researches converged towards this ultimate result, there was to be found in the subsidiary labours which varied his dull professional toil and supplied the material for his leading hypothesis scope for his untiring powers of reflection and reasoning, with results of solid and permanent value to science. Dr. Lonsdale's list of the papers read by him before the members of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, not less than 116 in number, besides his contributions to Nicholson's *Journal* and Thompson's *Annals of Philosophy*, and to other scientific serials, in addition to his more substantial or systematic writings, prove what a fund of intellectual energy remained to him after the exhausting toil of daily teaching, tedious and depressing as the formal routine of a schoolmaster's daily duty must be beyond most other kinds of mental labour. Nor is the versatility of his mind less shown by the widely varied character of these papers. It was in the earliest of them, October 31, 1794, that he broached that memorable discovery in the theory of light and vision which sprang from his recognition in himself of the peculiar defect which has since been known by his name. The date of this discovery would seem to be marked by the anecdote of his purchasing for his mother in boyish days a pair of silk stockings at Kendal as becoming drab, which dame Deborah and the neighbours would have it were cherry-coloured. That his active mind had not slept over the oddity of the phenomenon appears from the statement of his biographer that both brothers, sharing the like infirmity, tested the vision of their scholars, and found in them a percentage of similar cases, which afforded some comfort in their sense of deprivation. In the days of his late-won distinctions, when flaunting his scarlet robe as an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford at Court, or amidst the University dons, he was spared the sense of its incongruity with his Quaker under garb. To the accompanying dulness to female charms is attributed the fact of Dalton's having throughout clung to single life, though it would be unfair to leave out of the account his slenderness of means until the falling in of his brother Jonathan's comparative fortune in 1834. More than one episode in his life and correspondence shows him to have been far from insensible to the attractions of pretty Quakeresses. That he was indifferent to the wealth which his rare powers of mind, not to speak of his actual discoveries, might have brought him, is

manifest in the simplicity, amounting to rudeness, which marked his mode of living. To foreign savants, like M. Pelletan, who made pilgrimages to the ideal shrine of science and learning at Manchester, he would show a roughness of manner as well as a penury of surroundings which was made up of pride as much as of native simplicity, whilst men set in the high places of scientific fame and emolument were aghast at finding a man of European name lodged like a peasant and overlooking a ploughboy ciphering on a slate. It was a minor burst of the same pride which led him to speak with undue contempt of the apparatus which helped him to his great discoveries. Though not a few of these were worked out with penny ink-pots and glass-tubes not costing a farthing each, and though he would speak of all the books he had ever read as what he could carry on his back, it turned out that his library contained upwards of seven hundred volumes, some of considerable value, and that his instruments filled a case of no mean proportions in the rooms of the Society of which he was so long the ornament and the light. It was not till 1822 that he considered it within his means to pay the fees required for the fellowship of the Royal Society; an honour which he had declined twelve years earlier on the score of poverty, though it has been thought that doubts of his election, with Davy so strongly opposed to his atomic theory, might have more to do with the refusal. It is certain that Dalton was wholly wanting in those graces of manner and of character which, with not less simplicity or independence, won for Faraday universal honour and affection. Self-willed and opinionated, so as to reject with scarcely an attempt to master them the facts or the formulae advanced by Wollaston, Berzelius, or Gay-Lussac, and bearish to a degree which forbade the kindly intercourse of civilized society, he was himself the main cause of the isolation or ostracism which has been unfairly charged upon the jealousy of rivals or the exclusiveness of fashion. Far from being many-sided, or from overcoming by dint of culture his native narrowness or rusticity of mind, he retained to the last the tastes and manners of the cottage; nor did any trace of historical or liberal reading of any kind show itself in his conversation or relieve the unadorned prose of his addresses, which gained nothing in music, whatever might have been their gain in strength, from his broad Cumbrian Doric. As an experimentalist he was neither elegant nor in any great degree successful. It was by rude strength of intellect and will that he beat out his conclusions, and made his way to the foremost rank among the original thinkers and discoverers of his own or any age.

Of Dalton's great discovery Dr. Lonsdale gives a very good popular sketch, showing how he was led to it by his observations on meteorology, in particular by his researches into the proportion of the several gases or elastic fluids constituting the atmosphere, with the result of the first clear conception of definite multiple proportions. How far he himself was conscious of guidance from the labours of others in the same field is to be seen from what Dr. Henry has given us of his father's minute of a conversation with Dalton, in which the philosopher speaks of what he owed to Richter's laws of reciprocal proportions or equivalents deduced from his experiments on the neutral salts. His own reading, though neither wide nor deep, would supply him with much material out of which, by a master stroke of constructive skill, he reared the fabric of what he not unjustly termed a new chemistry. There is no evidence that Dalton ever combined with his chemical researches the slightest study of electric or magnetic phenomena or laws; nor could he in consequence have anticipated such later developments of the law of molecular combination as have already brought light and heat and many effects of electricity, and now promise to bring chemistry, within one generalization, as modes of motion—chemical equilibrium having been shown by Professor Williamson to consist, not in molecular rest, but in a system of molecular movements in which decompositions and recompositions balance each other. As the first, however, to announce and to prove experimentally the universal law to which common consent has given his name, Dalton has established his claim to be considered, as his biographer calls him, a lawgiver of science.

LANGE'S HISTORY OF MATERIALISM.

THE title of this book, which after a lapse of some five years has reappeared in a much modified shape, by no means fully indicates the nature of its contents. The first volume—all that has yet appeared—does indeed contain a history, and a very elaborate history, of Materialism from the very beginning to the time immediately preceding the appearance of Immanuel Kant in the philosophical world; but it contains a great deal more. Not merely has the examination of a particular series of tenets involved the investigation of opposing doctrines, not only has the author been copious with his biographies, but he has been careful to point out the special influence of certain scientific theories on different ages and countries, so that he virtually adds to the history of civilization a new chapter, extending over a long period of time. The subject likewise gains in extent from the circumstance that the thinkers who come in for the largest share of consideration are not only the materialists strictly so called, but the whole body of the empirists, whom Dr. Lange regards as co-operators

* *Geschichte des Materialismus*. Von Friedrich Albert Lange (zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage). Erstes Buch. Geschichte des Materialismus bis auf Kant. Leipzig: Bückner.

with the materialists in the furtherance of physical science. In his criticism as in his biography he is impartial to an almost irritating degree; he seems to sympathize with the materialists without being exactly one of them. What he is we do not exactly know; but at all events he is not a "realist" in the mediæval sense of the word; he does not in the least believe in "Universals," nor does he think that the book of nature is to be read otherwise than by experiment.

Ancient Materialism is neatly summed up in six propositions, which virtually contain the whole theory of Demokritos, and with which the student of Lucretius is of course tolerably familiar:—1. Out of Nothing arises nothing; nothing that is can be destroyed. Change is no more than combination and separation. 2. Nothing happens by chance, but all through a cause and by necessity. 3. Nothing exists but atoms and empty space; all else is mere opinion. 4. The atoms are infinite in number and infinitely various in form. In an eternal fall through infinite space the larger atoms, falling more quickly, bound upon the smaller; the side-motions and vortices that thus arise are the commencement of the world's formation. Infinite worlds are formed and perish successively and simultaneously. 5. The difference of all things arises from the difference of their atoms in number, magnitude, form, and order; there is no qualitative difference of atoms, neither have they any internal conditions; they only act on each other by external pressure and impulse. 6. The soul consists of fine, smooth round atoms, like those of fire. These atoms are of all the most mobile, and by their motion, which permeates the whole body, the phenomena of life are produced. By the side of this theoretical materialism grew up what Dr. Lange terms "ethical" materialism, a result of philosophical sensualism. What matter is to external nature in the former, sensation is to the inner nature of man in the latter. As the theoretical materialist derives the forms of things from the matter of which they are composed, the sensualist derives all consciousness from sensation. The two doctrines are apparently antagonistic to each other. The materialist, strictly so called, will deny that sensation can be separated from matter, and will regard every process of consciousness as the result of material operations not to be distinguished from those of the outer world. The sensualist, on the other hand, must deny that we have any knowledge of the outer world at all, inasmuch as we cannot get beyond our perceptions, and are without means of ascertaining the relations of these to any external entity. The six propositions of Demokritos given above, shocking as they appear when regarded from a religious point of view, have certainly a much less dreamy look about them than the idealistic theories of Plato. Nevertheless these atoms, which to the vulgar mind recommend themselves by their tangibility, signify nothing more than that unapproachable "Ding-an-sich" which Kant, who herein is at one with the sensualists, declared to be beyond the reach of human consciousness. This "Ding-an-sich" the consistent sensualist would as soon call a mermaid as an atom; and when Kant, herein differing from him, went so far as to maintain that it is not a mere nothing, and even dignified it with the name "Noumenon"—i.e. (*lucus a non*) something about which nothing can be known—he gave rise to a perplexity affording matter for discussion down to the present day. Nevertheless, in spite of this veritable antagonism, the materialists and the sensualists appear as staunch allies in the history of philosophical thought, and are attacked by a common foe, the atomic system being as repugnant to the Platonic theology as "ethical materialism" or sensualism to the Platonic code of morals. The legend that the Sophist Protagoras was the pupil of the atomist Demokritos, though perhaps not susceptible of historical proof, is not to be rejected with contempt.

Protagoras, the chief of those Sophists who were everywhere regarded as bugbears till they found an apologist in Hegel and advocates in Mr. Grote and Mr. Lewes, seems to have been the first man whose speculations took a subjective rather than an objective turn; and, in a certain sense, as Dr. Lange remarks, he is at the head of that movement against materialism in which Sokrates took so leading a part. Nevertheless the alliance between Sokrates and the Sophists ends as soon as it begins. If Protagoras, with his maxim "Man is the measure of all things," started from sensation and Demokritos started from atoms, there is this relation between them, that both regard the individual and not the universal as the essential entity, whereas the contrary doctrine was held by Plato. Much that passes for materialism now is in reality sensualism, and in support of this view Dr. Lange cites Büchner, who explicitly declares that things only exist for one another, and import nothing without mutual relation, and Moleschott, who still more explicitly asserts that, were it not for its relation to a perceiving eye, the tree would not exist.

The precise meaning of the expression "ethical materialism," which Dr. Lange uses as the moral equivalent for sensualism, is propounded by him thus:—

By "ethical materialism" we are to understand a doctrine according to which the moral action of man arises from his own individual impulses, and which determines the mode of action not by an unconditionally dominant idea, but by the effort towards a desirable position. Such a doctrine may be called materialistic because, like theoretical materialism, it starts from matter, not from form, although here we regard not the matter of external bodies, nor even sensation as the matter of theoretical consciousness, but the elementary matter of our practical relations, our impulses and our feelings with regard to pleasure and its opposite. It may be objected that this is a mere analogy, that we have here no evident unity of tendency. Still history almost everywhere shows us that this analogy is potent enough to determine the connexion of the systems.

We have dealt thus at length with a very small part of Dr. Lange's book because it shows the principle upon which the whole work is written. The theoretical and the ethical materialists are regarded as workers in a common cause, and pass before us in a procession which begins in remote antiquity and ends with the last century, accompanied by their opponents, whose presence, although they are less conspicuous, is found necessary to complete the picture.

When in his first section Dr. Lange has gone carefully through the progress of materialism in ancient Greece and Rome, devoting many pages to an analysis of the great poem of Lucretius, he carries on his record through a transition period which begins with the decline of ancient civilization and ends with Bacon and Descartes. In this section we have a brief history of Arabian philosophy and scholasticism, with reflections upon the influence of monotheism on natural science. The materialism of the seventeenth century occupies a third section, in which the principal figures are those of Gassendi and Hobbes, though Newton, Boyle, Locke, and Toland come into the record, the last being treated almost with affection. Strange as the fact may seem to some, England was the hotbed whence sprang all the infidelity that spread over France during the years immediately preceding the first Revolution, though it attained new forms in a new atmosphere, and, especially in the case of Lamettrie, assumed a tone of indecency unknown to it in its native home. Hence in the history of the materialism of the eighteenth century, which occupies Dr. Lange's fourth section, the leading chapter is appropriated to the influence of English materialism upon France and Germany, the latter country being at the time the most puritanical in all civilized Europe. In this section the works of Lamettrie and Baron von Holbach are described at great length, and in the description of the former especially the reader is supplied with much knowledge about a man whose labours earned him a bad name, and who even among students of his period is known by his name only. By his fellow-free-thinkers this pronounced Atheist was despised; and the orthodox found evidences of a "judgment" in the report that he suddenly died of indigestion after partaking too largely of a pheasant-pie *aux truffes*. Dr. Lange plainly makes out that Lamettrie was an original thinker and not a mere circulator of other people's thoughts. To the seekers for new information the chapters on Gassendi, Lamettrie, and Holbach will probably be the most interesting, because they present much which is not readily to be found elsewhere. Some who have not thought much on the subject will be surprised to find Voltaire so very mild a Deist that he looks almost orthodox among his companions. By his biographical information, most liberally given, Dr. Lange greatly enlivens his expositions of abstruse theories.

We are much tempted to notice in some detail the account of Lamettrie; but we feel that it would in a great measure be spoiled by abridgment, interesting as it is on account of its full details. As a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Lange connects the history of philosophy with that of civilization, we may recapitulate the substance of his remarks on the influence of Bacon and Hobbes upon England. This island, as already stated, was the home of modern materialism, and Dr. Lange would associate the great advance of England with the names of Bacon and Hobbes, as the French Revolution is associated with that of Voltaire. But in its speculative form it here destroys itself and gives way to practical pursuits. Atheistical as it might be in its tendency, it did not raise its hand in avowed hostility against ecclesiastical institutions. Epicurus, Lucretius, and many Frenchmen of the last century, strove to destroy religion as such, and this practical aim seems to have been among the chief purposes of their theoretical speculations. Hobbes, on the contrary, favours an established religion; "State and Church" (the usual order of the words being changed) is his leading maxim. Bacon and he have taught people to direct their energies towards the attainment of practical results, and their unconscious disciples follow in the prescribed path without troubling themselves about antecedent theories. Dr. Lange sums up as follows what he conceives to be the manifestations of Hobbism in the England of the present day:—

The upper aristocracy indulges in a personal free-thinking (*Freigeisterei*), coupled with an esteem for ecclesiastical institutions which is, or has become, sincere. The men of business regard all doubt respecting the truths of religion as "unpractical;" for the *pro* and *con* belonging to discussions relative to the theoretical foundations of theology they have no sense, and if they abhor "Germanism," it is rather because they have in view the security of life on this side of the grave than on account of any expectations in the life beyond it. Women, children, and sentimental folk (*Gewüthmenschen*) are unreservedly devoted to religion. On the other hand, in the lower strata of society, for the maintenance of which in their proper place a life of refined sentiment does not seem to be well fitted, there is scarcely any religion at all beyond the fear of God and respect for the clergy. The notion of natural philosophy (*Naturphilosophie*) has passed over into that of physical science (*Physik*) and a moderate egoism, which has admirably reconciled itself with Christianity, is acknowledged by all strata of society as the only foundation of morality, either for the individual or for the state.

Dr. Lange does not mean to say that this state of things, which he seems to regard with a sort of ironical admiration, is entirely due to the influence of an author so little studied by the "general reader" as Thomas Hobbes; but he considers that the doctrines of the philosopher and the life of his countrymen for nearly two centuries after his death wonderfully reflect each other—that, indeed, the reciprocity is now more complete than ever, showing that the old man of Malmesbury was somewhat of a prophet.

It should be stated that every section of Dr. Lange's work is

followed by a copious body of notes, abounding in references to authorities, and bearing ample testimony to the extensive reading of the author.

FRENCH POLITICAL CARICATURE.*

"I DO not know," says Count R  al in a book published in 1835, "if it will ever occur to a clever man to write the history of the French people by its caricatures since the institution of caricatures in France. Such a history would be neither less interesting nor less true than many of those with which we have been favoured for forty years past." This idea has occurred or been suggested to M. Champfleury, and he has used it to good advantage. In his present volume he starts with the condition of the Tiers   tat before and up to 1789. He remarks that the most curious point about the caricaturists of that period is the extreme variety of treatment which they brought to bear on the same subject. The sameness of the subject is a disadvantage. Men were filled then with one idea; and as in ordinary life there is nothing more tiresome than a man with one idea, so the contemplation of a series of sketches of past history which have all the same motive becomes wearisome. The three figures of the noble, the priest, and the peasant, which are the stock in trade of the artists of 1788-1789, have changed the positions which they then occupied. It is difficult in these days of poor curates and wealthy colliers to sympathize with the continual glorification of the man with a spade at the expense of the man in a priestly robe. Thus, in spite of the care with which M. Champfleury has arranged and explained his specimens, the caricatures of the period with which his volume opens seem, as Lord Verulam says the reading of good books sometimes seems, "a little flat and dead."

A kind of meteoric shower of caricatures burst upon Paris after the 4th of August. The delight of the people at the enforced submission of the clergy and the nobility expressed itself in various forms of more or less extravagance. In some of the sketches of the time the three orders are represented embracing, playing music, or dancing together. It may be noted that in the case of the dancing the noble and the priest are made to bewail their fate in having to pay for the music. In others less kindness and moderation to the two orders is shown by the artists, whose sympathies were with the third. In one, called "Le Pressoir," a corpulent priest is about to be put into a press, from which two other priests are departing in a singularly attenuated condition. A more violent version of the amalgamation of the three orders than that given by the sketches of their representatives singing and dancing together is found in the sketch entitled "Un Seul fait les Trois." Here the desired harmony is procured by the absorption of two out of the three into the peasant, who stands alone, dressed in a costume made from combinations of the priest's, the noble's, and his own. In another popular sketch the devil, who has been at all times of inestimable service to caricaturists, is represented being beaten off by a peasant, whose father encourages him with cries of "Frappe fort, fort, mon fils; c'est un aristocrate." For some time the Royalist party took no notice of the expressions of popular feeling by means of caricature, but passed them over with what may be called either a stupid indifference or a haughty disdain. It is curious that the first weapons employed by them in this kind of warfare were aimed at the Duke of Orleans and came from England. One of the first of these, which appeared soon after the 5th and 6th of October, represents the Duke hunting a crowned stag with hounds who have human heads, each of which is labelled with the name of one of the Duke's Court. The legend in English is, according to M. Champfleury, "Who kills first for a crown," which he oddly enough translates, "Une couronne    qui le tuera." In a French caricature of the same period the Duke is seen to have fallen in the mud. Chabron, one of his creatures, is trying vainly to wash him clean. On the ground is written, "Bastille, faubourg Saint-Antoine, poissearde d'Aiguillon, Mirabeau, baron de Menon." Decapitated heads are lying around, set off with pikes and daggers.

The chapter which contains an account of these and other like shafts directed at the Duke of Orleans concludes with a copy of a caricature entitled "Le Calculateur Patriote." This represents a man in the habit of a student or a sage studying his tablets in front of a table which is littered with human heads. There is more force in the drawing of this than is to be found in most of the productions of the time, and it derives additional interest from the fact that M. Champfleury professes himself unable to determine whether it emanated from the Revolutionists or the Royalists. In the next chapter M. Champfleury treats of Camille Desmoulins, and of Dussaulhey, who succeeded him as editor of the *R  volutions de France et de Brabant*. It is curious that Desmoulins and his designer or engraver seemed to have worked independently of each other, for on the 20th of March in the first year of liberty the following paragraph appeared in Desmoulins's paper:—

Je proteste contre la gravure en t  te de mon dernier num  ro. J'ai d  j observ   [sic] que je ne me m  lais point du frontispice et des figures,    l'exception de trois ou quatre dont j'ai donn   l'id  e.

On the 12th of April again he repeated his protest against the vignettes supplied to his numbers. It may have been due to the independent and self-asserting spirit of the age that writers and illustrators were thus curiously at odds. Illustrations in the

present day, however, have sometimes been observed to have no apparent reference to that which they are supposed to illustrate.

At the same time that Camille Desmoulins's journal made its appearance—that is, in November 1789—there appeared also a sheet devoted to the interests of the Royalists, having the startling name of *Les Actes des Ap  tres*. This publication continued for two years—that is, for four months longer than its rival—during which period it must be said that it counted many editors for the two of the *R  volutions de France et de Brabant*. An amusing enough war was carried on between the two papers. On one occasion when the revolutionary sheet discovered that *aristocrate* was the anagram of *Iscariote*, the Royalists retorted with an anagram which was both more forcible and more correct, reminding one of the *Never so mad a lady*, which put to shame Dame Eleanor Davies's *Revel, O Daniel!* The Royalist paper seems to have held its own very well on the whole. Its editors for the most part touched their subjects with a light hand and in a light sceptical spirit. It is strange to find the defenders of royalty, personified in Louis XVI., speaking in these terms of the past royalty of Louis XIV.:—

Louis XIV. fut aussi surnomm   le Grand parce qu'il aimait les grandes conqu  tes, les grands   difices, les grands palais, les grandes femmes, les grands valets, les grandes perruques; cela ne l'emp  cha pas de mourir bien petitement, apr  s avoir   prouv   de grandes humiliations.

"Ne dirait-on pas," observes M. Champfleury with clear perception, "un passage coup   dans Thackeray?" It is strange also that the *Ap  tres*, having run their course for two years, were finally suppressed by order of the King. Their violence had overstepped all bounds. Wit was replaced by insult, discussion by invective and calumny. The author of *Histoire de la Caricature sous la R  publique* is of opinion that these defenders of Royalty contributed in no small measure to its downfall. The violent brutality of words and figures employed by the opposite party is better known to the world. In treating of the furious outburst of popular indignation against the clergy in 1790-91 M. Champfleury exhibits a drawing, which will be found facing p. 120 of his book, the inscription of which is remarkable for the horrible extravagance both of its sentiments and its spelling. On the subject of these extravagances the author has some observations which are worthy of note:—

Ce sont ces violences qui font perdre    la caricature tout cr  dit aupr  s des esprits mesur  s. Du moment o   la haine remplace la malice, o   la vengeance chasse le trait spirituel, la caricature devient la complice du pillage, de l'incendie et des massacres. Nous l'avons vu en 1871. Et ceux qui seront appel  s plus tard    redire les exc  s de la Commune ne devront pas oublier le r  le des images, presque aussi puissant que celui des journaux.

The caricatures of that date are curious in this amongst other points, that they have given prominence to three men especially who would otherwise have enjoyed a deserved obscurity, Maury, Mirabeau cadet, and Espr  m  nil. They appear constantly in the broadsheets of that day, figuring now as the types of the clergy, the Parliament, and the aristocracy, which were translated into Lying, Cheating, and Destruction; now as the personifications of Rage, Despair, and Envy. In a third drawing which is headed "Rien n'est plus certain, ils filent leurs cordes," D'Espr  m  nil is represented hanging, while Maury and Mirabeau cadet are making ropes for themselves under the direction of the inevitable devil, who was pressed into unusually heavy service by the caricaturists of this period. "A ces hommes," says the author, "la caricature rendit service; sans elle, ils n'existeraient pas." Mirabeau cadet, however, was already known as one of the editors of the *Ap  tres*. The *  migr  s* supplied the revolutionary caricaturists with plenty of subjects, and an amusing chapter upon these is followed by an interesting account of Boyer-Brun or Boyer de Nimes), the first historian of caricature in France. He was inspired by a blind hatred of Protestantism, and was angry with those of his party who threw all the terrible burden of the Revolution on the shoulders of the Freemasons, reserving none of it for the Calvinists. The persistence of his attacks upon the Revolution could have but one end, and he died for the cause which he had supported with all the energy of his pen on the 20th of May, 1793. A Mme. Costard who had loved him wrote exactly a year after his death to the Comit   de s  ret   g  n  rale de la Convention, asking to be condemned to death also, in a singularly touching letter, which is quoted at length by M. Champfleury. Among the names which are known by their possessors' savage attacks upon the King and Queen with pen and pencil, that of Villeneuve stands out distinguished by the unapproachable hideousness and dullness of his productions. He and his imitators, as the author says, more than justify such comments as these made by Mallet du Pan:—"Ces estampes se distinguent par un caract  re particulier de platit  de et de f  rocit  . Rien de plus   loign   de l'esprit fran  ais et de l'*humour* qui rend tr  s-piquantes les caricatures anglaises. Celles qu'on   tale sur les quais rappellent les Vandales."

The most interesting part of M. Champfleury's book, in some respects, to English readers is likely to be that which is devoted to "La R  volution jug  e par Gillray et Rowlandson." The author displays a keener appreciation than might be expected of the English artists' powers; inclining, as one would expect, to put Rowlandson above Gillray. He has probably been biased somewhat by his inclination in choosing the specimens which he has given of each artists' work. He has contrasted the very powerful, but very ferocious, drawing of Gillray's called "A Family of Sansculottes refreshing after the fatigues of the day" with Rowlandson's "Napol  on et la Mort." The one is marked by a savage force, the other by a sombre and majestic irony. It is noteworthy that there is a considerable likeness to the real man in Rowland-

* *Histoire de la Caricature sous la R  publique, l'Empire et la Restauration*. Par Champfleury. Paris: Dentu.

son's Napoleon. Gillray's representation of him was always a merely arbitrary figure, which was no more like Napoleon than George III. Upon Gillray M. Champfleury makes some good observations, in one of which he falls into a curiously French blunder. The exaggerations of Gillray, he says, are on a large scale, like his flow of spirits, and like the colouring which he employs. "Le satirique semble un boxeur qui prétend faire rire le spectateur à coups de pied dans le ventre." This is an odd confusion between the English boxing-match and the French *savate*. The author institutes a comparison between the natures of Swift and Gillray, and the termination of their lives:—"Le peintre devint fou. Tel est trop souvent le lot de ceux qui analysent on regardent de trop près les folies de leurs contemporains." In treating of the times of Napoleon the author takes occasion to make a violent attack upon Talleyrand and Cambacères, and preserves two grossly brutal *mots* of Napoleon's addressed to them, which had better perhaps have been omitted. On the whole, however, M. Champfleury must be credited with having avoided with much tact and skill the offensive side of his subject. We may conclude our notice, as he concludes his interesting and amusing book, with a very true maxim of Joubert's:—

Il faut, pour le mérite de la caricature, qu'elle soit traitée par un homme qui ait en lui le type du beau.

ETCHINGS BY FRENCH AND ENGLISH ARTISTS.*

MR. HAMERTON, who writes the descriptive and critical notes to this handsome volume, has heretofore done good service in making the art of etching, especially in its less known phases in France, familiar to the British public. As editor of the *Portfolio* he has introduced into this country a class of work which, just in proportion as it was foreign to the practice of our English school, proved timely and serviceable. There is no doubt that we had much to learn; indeed it is acknowledged that the most skilful of etchers in this country, such as Mr. Whistler and Mr. Haden, are in style more identified with France than with England. And Mr. Hamerton, by the direction which his studies have taken as well as by the advantages incident to his residence on the Continent, is warmly appreciative of foreign schools, while as an Englishman he cannot be otherwise than loyal to what has truth and promise in it here at home. These "Twelve Etchings by French and English Artists" have been selected out of a miscellaneous multitude on the judicious principle of compromise. Little or nothing of that extravagance of genius which we are led to expect from Paris is permitted in these pages specially provided for the drawing-room table. Some of the plates indeed are even tame; thus a view on a canal in Venice by M. Léon Gauchet has a painstaking manipulation, a crudeness in light, and a poverty in shade which appear to be simply the reverse of the qualities coveted and expected in the etcher's art. Again, we can scarcely understand why in a volume of this high character a place should be given to "The Orange Wharf, London Bridge," by Mr. Ridley. In no branch of art is it easy to excuse ugliness, and the accepted laws of drawing, symmetry of form, and harmony of line cannot be annulled even in the comparatively lawless art of etching. Intricate subjects of this kind—steamers and coasting craft along a quay unloading—have been of late perspicuously painted by M. Tissot, and in past years Mr. Whistler made his most brilliant triumphs among the broken-down tenements and the picturesque craft on the banks of the Thames. Mr. Ridley, though he has studied long, has much to learn; like another of our English etchers, Mr. Edwards, he fails to educe order out of discord, harmony from confusion. But Mr. Hamerton, in his capacity of editor, here and elsewhere has shown himself widely tolerant of diverse styles; by his impartiality he rises above suspicion of partisanship; he gives a kind word of encouragement when most wanted; his criticisms, always genial, are penned in the interest equally of art and of the artist.

The recent revival of etching throughout Europe is a sign of the times for which there may be various causes. The decline of the laborious and costly process of line-engraving, partly brought about by the intrusion of photography, left space and opportunity for a more facile and economical art. Moreover, there has grown up an ever-increasing demand for products which are at the same time satisfying to the artist and pleasing to, as well as within reach of, the public at large. Likewise, the number of executants fairly qualified is steadily on the increase under the wider diffusion year by year of knowledge and training. And etching has the advantage of lying on the frontier between professional practice and amateurism; the art in its highest manifestations taxes the utmost skill of the painter, and yet offers peculiar temptations and facilities to the *dilettante*. It is an extemporary mode of putting down ideas in black and white. The method once mastered admits of indefinite improvement which pleasantly chequers encouragement with disappointment. Indeed so fascinating does the pursuit become that we have known men who, stealing leisure from pressing avocations, have found in etching a recreation and enjoyment in the midst of a busy and anxious life. These and other reasons lead to the hope that the revival of which we have spoken

is not a mere freak of fashion, but the result of causes which may operate year by year in the way of further progress and higher development. Mr. Hamerton states the present position of the art as follows:—

The history of etching within the last two years is in some respects encouraging, but the encouragement is of a kind which would hardly have been foreseen at the commencement of the revival which took place all over Europe a few years ago. No thoroughly active and efficient school of original etchers has formed itself anywhere; a few men here and there practise the art as an original expression of their own ideas, but the really strong and accomplished school, the French school, is now almost exclusively occupied in interpreting pictures by others. Even Jules Jacquemart seems to have abandoned the marvellous original work that first made him famous, to engrave Dutch pictures with his etching-needle. Original etching is now chiefly the work of amateurs, for even when a painter takes to etching, he most commonly employs the art in copying something already done by him in water-colour or in oil, rarely developing an entirely new conception with the point. In the present series of twelve plates both kinds of etching are represented, for we determined not to exclude etchings from pictures.

Among the etchings from pictures there is no translation more free and forcible than that made by M. Laguillermie from a well-known portrait in Madrid by Velasquez of one of those little monsters—pocket editions of humanity—the dwarf kept in the Spanish Court. M. Laguillermie is the reverse of an amateur; the apprenticeship he served was long and thorough, and the pledges given of his talent are quoted as masterpieces. He obtained the Grand Prix de Rome; he studied in Italy, at Athens, and Madrid, in which last city "he engraved the famous 'Surrender of Breda' by Velasquez, and four other subjects from the same great master, of which this 'Dwarf' is one." The distinguishing merit in the plate is that it translates in a masterly way the characteristics of the great Spanish painter, that "masculine, plainspoken, vigorous realist, who was disdainful of everything but his purpose." The plate before us Velasquez himself would have approved; indeed, had the master been an etcher, we should have expected from his hand a work thus trenchant in touch, broad in deep monotone, and grand in sketchy, suggestive negligence.

The best French etchers do not allow themselves to descend to a finish which is childish, or a prettiness affecting sentimentality, and in this the school is distinguished from the English; but of late, as we have said, the two schools approximate. Many indeed are the changes here and on the Continent; in fact, the revival of which we have spoken has taken the character of a revolution; old methods are broken down, and the divers modes of engraving practised formerly, especially that of "the pure line," have at length exchanged servitude for freedom. Accordingly Mr. Hamerton rejoicingly writes that "few things in the recent history of the fine arts are more hopeful and encouraging than the emancipation of engraving, and its nearer approach to thoroughly artistic painting." This change for the better has in a good degree been brought about by etchers, many of whom are painters cognizant of the value of colour, of the vital relation between intention and touch, and of the means of giving true expression to an artistic idea through varied light, shade, and manipulation. The line-engravers of Italy, compared with the etchers of France, work as dull mechanists in geometric curves and lozenge shapes. In contrast the plate before us has the life and go of a sketch, the freedom of an extemporary effusion, and this little Dwarf seated in a heap on the ground with a book on his knee and an inkstand at his feet lives as a real presence. The portrait is so speaking as to move Mr. Hamerton to a piece of pathos not unworthy of De Quincey or Charles Lamb:—

Amongst the personages who interested King Philip IV. most were the poor ungainly dwarfs with whom the temper of human grandeur at that time loved to surround its own sublimity for the pleasure and advantage of a contrast altogether favourable to itself. But there were differences among the dwarfs, which Velasquez perceived with his keen, artistic intelligence and profound observation of mankind. One of them was merely silly, another scowled hatred and envy from under his beetling brows, but this one whose image is here before us bears the pain of a nobler suffering. O sad and thoughtful face, looking out upon us from the serious canvas of Velasquez, though the grave has closed upon thee for two hundred years, we know what were thy miseries! To be the butt of idle princes and courtiers, and, worse than that, to be treated by the most beautiful women as a thing that could have no passion, to be admitted to an intimacy which was but the negation of thy manhood, to have ridicule for thy portion and buffoonery for thy vocation, and yet to be at the same time fully conscious of an inward human dignity continually outraged, of a capacity for learning and for thought! All this was enough indeed to drive thee to noble follies, that give thee some sense of human equality, some intellectual fraternity and consolation.

How French etchers can vary their style according to the changing sentiment of the subjects treated is apparent in M. Flameng's brilliant yet tender plate taken from a picture by Bonington, "Francis I. and the Duchess of Étampes." The art of M. Flameng may be compared to the notes of the mocking-bird that imitates the varied songs of the forest. His style changes to meet the manners of the most opposite masters. Thus in Paris, Vienna, and London we have observed plates by this artist heavily loaded with ink as the pictures of Rembrandt are with paint, and, on the other hand, we have encountered engravings thin in texture but intelligent and precise in drawing, as suited the classic creations of M. Ingres. M. Flameng, trained in the Italian school of Calamatta, became qualified to reproduce Da Vinci, but as a Frenchman he naturally placed his talents also at the service of MM. Delacroix, Prudhon, Cabanel, and Bida. "The Bible" designed by M. Bida, and in part engraved by M. Flameng, has been recently reviewed in our columns. In the plate now before us this dexterous and versatile etcher throws

* Twelve Etchings by French and English Artists: Flameng, Bodmer, Lucas, Laguillermie, Feytaud-Perrin, Ridley, Balfourier, Legros, Chattock, Greux, Lalanne, Gauchet. With Notes by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "Etching and Etchers." London: Seeley. 1874.

himself into the deep and resonant harmonies and romantic sentiment of Bonington, himself a devotee of the Venetian school. He is able through the cold medium of black and white to convey the idea of warm colour, and by varied intensity in light, shade, and texture he gains the relief of roundness and the sense of space. This etched picture of the "Visit of Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. to the celebrated Duchess of Étampes" has been fitly chosen as a frontispiece to the volume.

Other plates might be quoted, did space permit, as illustrating "the versatility of etching, and its adaptability to the most opposite kinds of artistic expression." Thus M. Carl Bodmer produces a pretty plate of "Peacocks"; Mr. Horatio Lucas, an English amateur, picturesque buildings at Le Mans; M. Adolph Balfourier, a French landscape artist, some paintable materials he met with in Spain; while Mr. Chattock, an Englishman, by virtue of a fine study of tree-trunks and branches, is introduced by Mr. Hamerton with the just encomium that "few etchers have made more decided progress during the last few years."

On the whole, the advantage seems to be on the side of etchers who do not copy or interpret the ideas of others, but who create their own subjects. The reason is sufficiently obvious; in the last alternative, the relation between the creative mind and the executive hand becomes inseparable and absolute. There is, too, a subjection and servitude incident to copyism which cannot but prove inimical to the freedom of the etcher's mind and hand; whereas in the act of creating anew the imagination is moved to an ardour which communicates fire to the fingers, purpose to the pencil. There is a picturesque group by M. Feyen-Perrin of a mother and child seated on a sea-shore, absolutely perfect in the union between the sentiment and the treatment. Equally inimitable in its way is a study, singular for fidelity, of peasant women of Boulogne by M. Legros, a French artist long known in our English Academy by an uncompromising naturalism. Many will prefer the painter's etchings to his pictures. Taken for all in all, this French rustic school is unapproached for its realism and simplicity, and Mr. Hamerton justly points to the strangest of anomalies, that in the midst of French work fatal for fashion and affectation, there have sprung up painters and etchers so remarkable for the entire absence of affectation "that their simplicity is more simple than ours, and their directness more direct." Yet, judging from the plates here produced, and from others we have seen elsewhere, especially in the exhibition of Mr. Whistler's collected etchings, we hold firmly to the belief that England will not for long lag behind France.

THE LATIN YEAR.*

TO those who have given much attention to the study of our national hymnology it will be no secret that between the compositions of such men as Toplady or the Wesleys and the other extreme of bathos there is a gulf full of very indifferent stuff. The worst of this doggerel fortunately seldom finds its way into print, except as an example of absurdity, as in the case of that wonderful production with which the clerk of Wesley's father startled the congregation one Sunday:—

King William has come home, come home,
King William home has come!
Therefore let us together sing
The tune that's called "Te Düm."

But apart from such outrages on sense and sound, there are in use a great many tame and tasteless hymns uninspired by any clear and distinguishable keynote or pervading thought. The more earnest and introspective of our hymn-writers have often lacked or undervalued scholarship; and it would seem that, on the other hand, those who have possessed it have too little realized the hints and materials which it brought within their reach. The publication of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* has no doubt helped to raise our standard and to introduce life, and taste, and variety; yet even now it is seldom that we find a good harvest hymn or festival hymn written to order. The hymn written for the recent Charterhouse Chapel dedication was better than might have been expected, though rather negative than positive in merit; but its best point, representing the Carthusian "domus" as

A station towards the eternal home,
The house not made with hands,

betrays a lack of finish. The remedy for crudeness in hymn-writing is to be sought, we are persuaded, in a closer familiarity with the spirit, manner, and matter of the ancient and mediæval hymns, with which it is astonishing to find how little even our educated countrymen are really acquainted. Not long ago we read in an antiquarian periodical (we do not vouch for the fact) that the five volumes of Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* are not yet in the British Museum, and yet the first volume was published in Germany in 1841, and the fifth in 1856. An introduction to the study of these volumes was Dr. (now Archbishop) Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, first published in 1849, and now in its third edition; and English hymnology is greatly indebted also to Dr. Neale for the many pearls of mediævalism which he has reset in his mediæval hymns and sequences. Till these are mastered and utilized it is lost labour to recommend Mone's *Hymni Latini*

* *The Latin Year: a Collection of Hymns for the Seasons of the Church, selected from Mediæval and Modern Authors.* Part III.—Trinity. Part IV.—Advent and Christmas. Edited by the Rev. W. J. Loftie. London: B. M. Pickering. 1874.

Medii Ævi, a stiffer, and, to our thinking, a less remunerative, work.

High praise is due to the scholarly and judicious editor of the *Latin Year* for the skill and taste evinced by him in carrying out the task, which he has at length completed, of furnishing those who can read Latin sacred poetry with choice Latin hymns for every Sunday and holyday of the Church's year. We are not prepared, however, to say that he has not taken from us one attraction of his earlier instalments by furnishing at the end of Part IV. an index pointing to the sources of each and every hymn, and thereby establishing as modern imitations some which we might have still believed mediæval, and *vice versa*. The *Latin Year* is not only a welcome addition to the churchman's study and library-table—a sort of "Sunday Book" to make a familiar friend of rather than a severe taskmaster—but a standard of what hymns should be, and a model on which to mould them. The form and shape so easily and gracefully assumed by the modern English hymns in these pages seem to indicate that they had an original affinity to the Latin in which they reappear; and the mediæval hymns themselves offer an inexhaustible field for translation or paraphrase, the results of which must be a gain to English hymnology.

We propose to glance at some of the rarer mediæval gems which these collections bring to the front, and afterwards to notice two or three of the happiest imitations of Latin hymnody by our own translators. Not many of the former are traceable to very remote antiquity. After the very complete little Hymn for the Epiphany beginning "Tribus signis Deo dignis," attributed by some to a monk of the ninth century, and the remarkable hymn "Jesu mi dulcissime, Domine cælorum," attributed to St. Anselm of Lucra, A.D. 1086, and one or two pieces assigned with faint grounds to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, there is nothing much earlier than the extracts from St. Bernard of Morlaix in the twelfth century. His long poem "De Contemptu mundi" (recently republished in Wright's *Anglo-Latin Satirical Poets*) furnishes the third portion of the *Latin Year* with matter for three festivals, and is the original inspiration of Dr. Neale's "Jerusalem the Golden." Of about the same date is a Hymn of the Seraphic Doctor, Bonaventura, beginning "Recordare sancte crucis," and breathing, as we observe Archbishop Trench has testified, "the richest personal familiarity with all the deeper mysteries of that spiritual life of which it speaks," as well as exemplifying the inexhaustible conceits and change-rings of a favourite mediæval hymn-type. It is quite a study of versatility, as well as a mine out of which to dig pregnant thoughts and fancies for modern use; whilst the ease which pervades it should be the ambition of whoever would infuse into English hymnology the ease as well as perspicuity of the Latin models. More symbolical, if not more mystical, is the poetry of Adam de St. Victor—in Dr. Trench's judgment the greatest Latin hymnologist of the twelfth century—which Mr. Loftie lays under contribution for the fine hymn beginning "Stola regis laureatus," on St. Bartholomew's Day, and the equally striking "Heri mundus exultavit," which connects the festival of the Proto-martyr with that of his Lord's Nativity. Just as in Bonaventura's hymn there is almost a surfeit of happy conceits and similes for the cross, so here the poet, taking the converse process, shows how to touch one chord, and one only, for effect; and demonstrates the possibility of treating the common resource of a play on words in such a manner that it shall be neither trivial nor inopportune. Readers of St. Augustine may remember his play on the names of Vincentius and Victor. Here they will see the Latin synonym of Stephanus turned to account with true mediæval gusto. We quote Mr. Loftie's third stanza, adding, as we are fortunate in being able to do, Dr. Neale's English:—

Testis tuus est in cælis,
Testis verax et fidelis,
Testis innocens.
Nomen habes Coronati,
Te tormenta decet pati
Pro coronâ gloriæ.

Lo! in Heaven the witness liveth
Bright and faithful proof he giveth
Of his martyr's blamelessness.
Thou by name a crown impliest!
Meetly then in pangs thou diest
For the crown of righteousness.

We are constrained, however, to regret that for some unknown reason the editor has omitted the next and complementary stanza beginning "Pro coronâ non marcenti," which will be found in Dr. Trench's second edition, and which is translated in Neale's *Mediæval Hymns*. *Apropos* of Adam of St. Victor, it may be remarked that there is an abundance of rich poetic material in the two volumes of his poetry published by L. Gautier (Paris, 1859).

Noticeable amongst other original Latin Hymns in this collection are those for the Festival of the Baptist which Daniel styles "carmen poeticâ virtute valde eximium"; for the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, beginning "Attolle paullum lumina," a hymn of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; and another for the Third Sunday in Advent, referred by Daniel to the fifteenth century, and peculiar on account of its sectional rhyme which Neale has happily reproduced. It is suggestive of further experiments, and, as it stands, forms an almost perfect little hymn, the first line being "Tandem fluctus, tandem luctus." A like metrical experiment is the pleasing hymn beginning "Ut jucundas cervus undas," based on the Forty-second Psalm, and erroneously referred to

St. Bernard. Compact, simple, vivid, it makes an exquisite model, but we would counsel the editor to be more chary of punctuation, which sometimes impedes the sense, as in the last verse:—

Pacem donas et coronas
His qui Tibi militant;
Cuncta leta sine meta
His qui Tecum habitant.

It is simply cruel to put commas after "donas" and "coronas" in v. 1, and so to risk the chance of a doubt whether "coronas" is coupled by "et" to "donas" or "pacem." By the way, we observe that one or two faulty readings or misprints in the first instalment, which we noticed in a former article, have been set right in the index or appendix. Before we quit the original portion of these collections we must not fail to note that perhaps the very latest original Latin hymns in the whole range emanate from living scholars; the veteran Dr. Kynaston, whose "Huc adeste Galilei" (St. Andrew's Day) is instinct with the very spirit of mediæval hymnody, and might well pass for an antique; as might also one or two originals by Mr. J. Addington Symonds.

By a kind of transition stage between the original Latin hymn and the revestiture of the English hymn in imitative Latin rhyme, these volumes give one or two compositions somewhat akin to the hymn based on the Forty-second Psalm, to which we have referred above. One, in eight-syllable couplets, with a refrain in six syllables, is from Neale's "Sequentiæ ex Missalibus" ("In exitu Israel"), and shows great judgment in its manipulation; so much so indeed that it might well be mistaken for a mediæval hymn. Next to it, and from the same hand, that of Mr. Beresford Hope, comes a paraphrase of the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm, which was first printed thirty-three years ago in the "Arundines Cami," but has been largely retouched for the present work. We cannot find space for exhibiting the variants of the earlier and the later copy; but one or two stanzas may suffice to show that skill and polish may survive the academic period, and, under favourable circumstances, wax rather than wane with years. There will be no need to do more than cite the Latin:—

Si Sionis obliviscar
Artem, dextera, negato;
Templi si non reminiscar
Lingua hæreat palato.
Memor esto filiorum
Deus, Edom, cum Sionem
Atrox virtus Chaldaeorum
Vortit in oblivionem.
Qui dicebant "Devastate
Solymarum ornamenta;
Et cum solo adequate
Usque subter fundamenta."

Mr. Loftie sets before his readers such an array of translated hymns by such eminent hands as Canon Pearson, Mr. Robinson Thornton, Mr. Coutier Biggs, Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Godfrey Faussett, and Dr. Kynaston, that citation of one more than another might seem invidious. Mr. Faussett's translations are extremely happy, and we are promised a complete volume from his pen. We are not quite sure, however, that we are satisfied with the third verse of his fine rendering of "The Son of God goes forth to War." Does "Signi rubor fulget latus" supply a distinct and perspicuous equivalent for "his blood-red banner streams afar"? In one of Canon Pearson's versions—a translation of Conder's "Bread of Heaven, on thee we Feed"—we stumble on a feeble rhyme in stanza two—

Vera vitis, sanguis tuus
Affert calicem effusus—

but his rendering of "Jesu, Lover of my Soul" is all that could be wished. Any one who would prove how much more naturally such a hymn as Keble's "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" will run into eight-syllable Latin rhymes than into classical alcaics has only to contrast Dr. Kynaston's "Quæ beavit Paradisum," in pp. 291-3 of the *Latin Year*, with Lord Lyttelton's version after the manner of Horace in Mr. Coutier's *Hymns Ancient and Modern annotated*. Nor is Dr. Kynaston less successful in turning a not easy hymn by Charlotte Elliott, "Just as I am, without one plea," to him indeed, or to Mr. Symonds, we should, if driven to a selection, adjudge the palm. The latter is happy in rendering "Hark, the herald Angels sing," and still more so in clothing anew the beautiful verses of Keble's Evening Hymn, of which we subjoin the concluding stanzas:—

Mecum sis sub ortu solis
Ad occasum: nam si nolis,
Vivere tum nequeo:
Mecum sis cum nox propinquat;
Nam si Tua lux me linquat
Mori jam perhorreo.
Lucis Rex et tenebrarum,
Inter iras procellarum
Arcum tuam sospites;
Nam sub hiemis adortu
Ecce sumus nos in porta
Navem si Tu diriges.

It simply remains to add that the *Latin Year* is admirably printed and illustrated. We should recommend those who invest in it to bind the four parts into one interleaved whole. Its value might be enhanced, and the stock of vernacular hymnology augmented and enriched, by well-advised translations from such of the pieces as are not already translated.

JUDITH GWYNNE.*

IF novels were supposed to give a true picture of real life, there would be something admirable in the boldness of the people who still venture to employ governesses. The governess of fiction is almost invariably either a suffering angel or a designing minx. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and we have a faint recollection of one story in which the governess turned out to be a sort of ghoul or vampire, and of another in which she was a ticket-of-leave woman. But, as a rule, the types of minx and angel predominate, and it is difficult to determine which of the two is the less desirable addition to a family circle. It is painful to be compelled to suspect that the demure and dovelike trainer of the children is really looking down on her employers from the summits of superior culture, and is registering all their failings in her journal or in letters to her friends. On the other hand, the designing girl is a more obvious danger. The novel-reading matron may well tremble at the thought of her own daughters being eclipsed, and of the air in her neighbourhood being "clouded with colonels" attracted by her fascinating governess. Judith Gwynne, the heroine of the novel which is named after her, is not a young person whose history is likely to reassure the timid mother. She is not exactly a suffering angel, and when her employers are rude to her, she replies with clumsy but vigorous sarcasms. Nor would it be at all fair to call her a minx. An excess of maidenly boldness, on the other hand, is Judith's chief characteristic. For instance, when one of her numerous admirers tells her that he still loves her, though he cannot afford to marry her, she behaves in a very open and straightforward way:—

A great glow of warmth swept through her yearning bosom into her aching heart, her lustrous eyes dilated with a dewy softness as the coming tears gathered beneath the blue-veined lids, and there was a choking sensation in her slender throat as she quickly cast her white arms around his neck, and hurriedly kissed him on either cheek. Then exclaiming, "Thank you, dear Norman, for those last words; God bless you for that assurance," she hurried away, suffering under a revulsion of outraged modesty, and sweet confusions, and maidenly trepidations at the bold act of which she had been guilty.

Judith has several opportunities of conquering any tendency to maidenly trepidation. She succeeds tolerably well when she offers herself to a lover whom she had previously rejected, and when she embraces a farmer who had beaten a man for being rude to her:—"She hugged him close, and kissed his bronzed cheeks till they tingled with unwonted fires." "Afterwards," however, we are told "she never would believe that she had been guilty of such unseemly conduct." Obviously there was no artifice in Judith. Her employers at worst had only to fear that her pupils might grow up paragons of the modern virtue of maidenly frankness.

Judith Gwynne is a novel of complicated social intrigues of the sort which only exist in novels. To make such a story readable the author must have some slight knowledge of society, and a share of the genius of Balzac and Richardson. Unluckily the writer of *Judith Gwynne* has none of the qualities of these writers, except a little of their longwindedness. The commonest observation, the most elementary knowledge of life, would have prevented him from contriving a plot so feebly impossible as that of this story. The heroine, when we first make her acquaintance, is governess to the children of a certain Farmer Nosgood. She has "demure, dove-like eyes," which are veiled by "a silken cloud" of eyelashes, and when she giggles she "keckles a tiny laugh." She had left the house of a lady of rank, and had sought the home of the lowly farmer, to escape from the attentions of Colonel Wilmot, who was too poor to marry her. Colonel Wilmot is the author's conception of a gay and selfish man of the world. His conversation mainly consists of cynical descriptions of his own meanness, and indifference to false pride, in the pursuit of an heiress. It is scarcely credible that any woman would tolerate his impudent addresses, yet, such as he is, Judith loves him. But a rival to the Colonel appears in the person of honest Tom Framleigh, the local attorney. Tom, however, was extremely boorish, and though Judith gave him what she calls "a mess of pity and gratitude," he would never have been dangerous to the Colonel's peace of mind had he not saved her life when she set the farmhouse on fire. This escapade is told with considerable power, and indeed the author is at his best on the few occasions when he describes action of any sort. Thus, when Farmer Nosgood beats an impossible lord and guardsman who has tried to kiss Judith, the affair is really what used to be called a spirited rally. And when Tom Framleigh assaults another ruffianly peer, as also when he fights a bookmaker, he bears himself with very great courage and distinction. Perhaps the episode of the fire is best suited for quotation, in the present decline of the art of self-defence:—

Judith slept on in a kind of heavy stupor, until vague horrors began to wander ghost-like through the empty chambers of her brain, and her slumbers were woven through and through with intangible dreads of impalpable dangers. Yet she could not for a long time shake off the leaden weight of weariness pressing so heavily on all her faculties, and it was not until a horrible sense of suffocation got hold of her throat, causing her to feel choking, that she awoke with a great start, and sought, still half unconscious, to push away this weight that prevented her breathing. Then a dull sense came over her mind that the candle was burning with unusual brightness, and in some extraordinary way was giving forth strange wreaths of heavy smoke and a great heat scorching her cheeks; and then, of a sudden she woke to the full consciousness of the room being on fire, with

* *Judith Gwynne*. By Lisle Carr. Second Edition. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

the window curtains and drapery all of a blaze, and fiery tongues of flame running along the worm-eaten roof-beams, enveloping one side of the room in dense smoke-clouds, giving forth darts of fire, and cutting off the only door of the room from all means of access.

From this dangerous position Mr. Tom Framleigh rescued Judith, but was himself severely burned. As the farmer was almost ruined, Judith became governess to the children of the local Squire, a Mr. Galton, whose wife was a cousin of Colonel Wilmot's. Mrs. Galton was a vulgar and weak-minded woman, who was jealous of the Colonel's attentions to her governess. It was therefore with pleasure that she welcomed Mr. Framleigh when he came to thank his fair nurse. The attorney is described thus:—

The hero appeared, dressed in glossy and creaky broadcloth much smelling of the tailor's shop, carrying a brand-new hat in a vague kind of way, as if he did not know how it got into his hands, and would be greatly obliged if any one would accept it as a gift, and bowing generally all round until his face flushed purple with nervous excitement. Of course Judith ought not to have noticed such trifles in the man who had saved her life; nor ought her quick eyes to have remarked the hair, all be-plastered with pomatum, the aggravating curl in each shining whisker, the demonstrative vigour with which he tugged at his gloves, and the shambling, bagman-like manner in which he carried himself.

Judith did, however, observe these defects, and Mr. Framleigh went up to London to drown his sorrows in amusement. To detach the Colonel from Judith, Mrs. Galton made her husband take her to town also. The Colonel set himself to ruin Tom's character, introduced him to society where he soon learned to disport himself with elegance, and, above all, cast him into the toils of Miss Lina St. Clair, whom he thus described:—

Lina St. Clair is miles above the common run of actresses. She has beauty, like most of them, but it is natural and very spiritual in its style; whilst in addition she has wit, good taste, decided genius, and an originality compelling her to single out a path for herself through the world.

The artistic path singled out by this genius was that of a dancer in burlesques, in "a short sky-blue tunic, ermine-bordered and silver starred, scarlet boots bearing tinkling bells, pink fleshings, and a great diamond star flashing forth its rays from the gloomy masses of her raven black hair." Mr. Framleigh had not unnaturally expected that the abode of this bright being would prove a "gaudy and tinselled place." Far from being gaudy, the boudoir of Lina had lavender-tinted Venetian blinds, "hangings of light blue and silver all round the walls and windows; cobwebby lace festoons here and there in serial clouds," and so on. If Tom did not consider this splendour gaudy, his taste must have been as simple as the Scotchman's who, in buying a handkerchief, asked for "none of your bright colours, but just plain red and yellow." It is not very obvious how the subdued glories of Lina's villa were paid for, as she was a model of propriety, and had no revenue beyond what she gained by dancing in pink fleshings. However this may be, she loved Tom Framleigh, who would perhaps have yielded to her fascinations had Judith not written to him with her usual maidenly frankness, and ordered him back to Risborough. She had been left a large fortune by an aged admirer, and as she had dismissed the Colonel from her mind, the course of Tom's love might have run smooth. But the Colonel was now in earnest about Judith's money, and the third volume is devoted to the tedious intrigues in which he plays off Lina against the governess. He introduces the *démoussée* to the respectable Mrs. Galton, who is only too happy to ask this glory of the British stage to her house in the country, where she might win back the curled attorney. But his contending passions had stretched Mr. Framleigh on a bed of sickness, where Judith was nursing him. When he recovered sufficiently to recognize her, "she seized his giant claw between both her warm little palms, and said, in those soothing accents which come natural to women from their doll-days to their times of baby-bliss, 'Rest, dear Tom, rest, for I will not leave you again.'" And in point of fact she did not leave him alone till they were happily married. Lina, who was rapidly dying of an illness brought on by unrequited affection, enlightened Judith about the wiles of the Colonel. Judith punished that warrior with much maidenly boldness. She requested him to shake hands, and congratulate her on her engagement, and then met his salutation "with pitiless laughter." "Pray offer what I refuse—not for the first time, is it, Colonel?—to some girl who will appreciate the honour."

The humorous characters in *Judith Gwynne* are worthy of the serious persons, and of the plot. The most exhilarating portrait is that of Farmer Nosgood. He has more than Mr. Tulliver's helpless inability to understand the world, but his quaintest peculiarity is his habit of sacrificing a pig in moments of perplexity or of delight. Thus when the presence of the Colonel at his house excited his jealousy, he "vowed that the fattest pig in the sty should be given to the poor as an expiatory sacrifice." And when he heard of Judith's marriage, he exclaimed, "God's uncommon good to us, and bust me if I don't kill the black pig." Such a survival of the instinct of sacrifice may be interesting to the student of primitive culture, but it is scarcely good enough to furnish all the humorous side of a novel.

The grammar of *Judith Gwynne* is perhaps rather above the usual level of novelist's English. At any rate we have not noticed many such sentences as the following:—

The letter was written according to his dictation, and in due time reached the rectory of Risborough, causing him an attack of such bitter self-reproach, as would have grievously sorrowed whilst pleasing the writer, had she known the effect of her words.

Long words rather puzzle the author of *Judith Gwynne*, and it is

probably only in certain religious communities that conservatism is synonymous, as he seems to suppose, with iconoclasm. Until he can make more use of his talent for describing action, and can develop the perplexities of his heroines among more probable surroundings, his novels are likely to produce what he calls "trances of dull inanition."

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